

AUGUST 1921

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SHADOWLAND



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The Keyless Watch

FROM
Silver's Place
SMOKES & MAGAZINES
"THAT'S OUR BUSINESS" PUBLISHES A DAY
127 N. TOWN STREET
HAROLD M. SILVERSTEIN, Prop.

Caron's gift to Pompadour was a tiny affair. "It is in a ring," he wrote, "only four lines [one-third inch] in diameter. I have contrived a circle around the dial, with a little projecting hook. Carrying this with the finger nail two-thirds around the dial, rewinds the watch. It runs for thirty hours." * * * *

"TWIST this hook around the dial," murmured an audacious courtier to Madame Pompadour in 1752, "as you twist our empire 'round your finger!"

"Watchmaker to Louis XV," this daring stripling styled himself. The Keyless Watch, his shrewd gift to France's fair dictator in the moonlit gardens of Versailles, proved the key to power. Swiftly he rose: music master to the royal sisters—secretary to Louis himself—from Caron, the watchmaker's son, to de Beaumarchais, the idol of France, whose "Barber of Seville" and "Marriage of Figaro" hastened the dawn of the Reign of Terror.

To America, Caron's gifts were three-fold. His filibuster fleets bore enormous cargoes of arms to the aid of our Revolutionists; his brilliant dramas are cherished to this day by our opera lovers; and his Keyless Watch, though too small to be entirely practicable, helped to blaze the trail for those modern marvels of dainty compactness and precision—

The \$250 Coricain in white gold, with dial of sterling silver * * * An unattached photograph * * * *



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The Magic Key to the Screen!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

ARE you young? Are you pretty? Can you act? Have you personality? Do you photograph well?

If you possess all these qualifications, you are exactly what we are looking for. If you have not all, but a combination of two or more, your chances for a screen career are good.

The new contest is in full swing and every number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in already crowned with success.

Fill Out the Coupon Below At Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST SHADOWLAND ENTRANCE COUPON

Name
Address
Street
City
State
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any:
When born
Blonde or Brunette
Weight Height

(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.

Others Have Won! Why Not You?

Winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest
of 1919 of 1920 of 1921

Anetha Getwell
Blanche McGarrity
Virginia Fair
Anita Booth

Corliss Palmer
Allene Ray
Beth Logan
Helen DeWitt
Mary Astor
Erminie Gagnon
Dorothy Taylor
Ruth Higgins



Rules of the Contest

Read these rules, then read them again and follow them, if you wish to enter the contest.

1. We do not acknowledge the receipt of photographs.
2. Positively no photographs will be returned.
3. Snapshots, postcards and colored photographs are not acceptable.
4. The winners will be notified, but not the losers.
5. Do not write letters, but if there is anything you do not understand a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be sent to insure a reply.
6. Address photographs and letters to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
7. Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.

Warning!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.



VOLUME IV

Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

AUGUST, 1921



NUMBER 6

Important Features in this Issue:

GEORGE MOORE.....*Frank Harris*
Another new contemporary portrait, this time of the master of prose who
turned from painting to literature

FLAUBERT: CHEMIST OF ILLUSIONS
.....*Benjamin de Casseres*

The man whose life was a great agony but whose works come to us from
the Golsatha of perception

POETRY OF MODERN AMERICA
.....*Babette Deutsch*

Of the influence of Whitman, Poe and of Emily Dickinson and of the leaders
of poetry in our land

THE ROAD OF YESTERDAY
.....*Louis Raymond Reid*
How the elimination of the road tour menaces the spoken drama

BEAUTY AND THE THEATER
.....*Walter Prichard Eaton*
The men who are revolutionizing stage production in this country and
their work

LOOKING INTO NEXT SEASON
.....*Kenneth Macgowan*
What the new stage year has in store for playgoers

THE LANGUAGE OF DEMOCRACY...*Herbert Howe*
A vivid chat with Anzia Yezierska

REFLECTIONS OF A GENTLE CYNIC
.....*Lisa Ysaye Tarleau*
Another charming and whimsical essay, "Lucifer's Gift"

Interviews with Walter Hampden, Joseph Hergesheimer and Blanche Bates
Departments Devoted to Fashion and Beauty

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

SHADOWLAND

Published monthly by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation with its principal offices at
177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief; Eleanor V. V.
Brewster, Treasurer; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary

Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor

Subscription \$3.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in
Canada, \$4.00 a year; in foreign countries, \$4.50. Single copies, 35 cents. Postage prepaid. One and
two-cent United States Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of
address, giving both old and new addresses.

Entered as second-class matter at the post offices at Brooklyn, N. Y., and Jamaica, N. Y.

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SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



OUR COLOR PLATES:



Belle Bender

A Picturesque Figure Of The
Dance



Mlle. Theo Hewes

A Vivid Dancer Who Heads
Her Own Ballet



Norman Jacobsen

An Unusual Water Color Drawing,
"Davy Jones's Locker"



John Sloan

Two Vigorous and Characteristic Canvases,
"South Sea Beach" and
"The Gloucester Trolley"



DAVY JONES'S LOCKER

*An original water color drawing
by Norman Jacobsen*



Painted from photograph by Moffett

Belle Bender



Painted from photograph by J. W. Pondelick

Theo Hewes



"South Sea Beach," at the left, is an interesting example of the impressionistic style of John Sloan, whose work is reviewed on the opposite page

"The Gloucester Trolley" has all the spirit of John Sloan at his best



John Sloan: Man and Artist

By Edgar Cahill

THE American art season of 1920-21 has been one of considerable interest and not a little inspiration. Not that it developed any particularly striking or revolutionary features. On the contrary, it followed, in the main, well-worn and accustomed grooves. There was the usual number of European boombooms, and the average output of decorous academic iambs, evidence that artistically we still maintain our sense of the "eternal fitness of things mundane and mediocre," as the late James Gibbons Huneker phrased it. But besides these standard and expected things, there were others which have not yet passed into the realm of traditional expectation. There were the independents and the modernists, of various shades—lusty youngsters elbowing in among our spiritual greybeards. Of course, we had seen these men and their work before. The interest, this year, however, lay as much in the attitude of the art-loving and art-buying public as in the works presented. There was evidence of a larger hospitality, of a willingness to accept new things, that augurs well for the future.

Is there a new heaven working? Will the rebel cries of today become the "Songs O for a Prelude" heralding a greater period in American art? It is hard to say. But there is a feeling abroad of larger spaces opening, some-



Photograph by Nikolaus Muray

where, just ahead. American art is entering upon a new phase—a phase which will emphasize a freer expression and a truly creative effort, and not faithfulness to a European-derived tradition. There is hope, there is more than hope, for us on these western shores. And there is nourishment for that hope in the work of the men who are the pioneers of the new spirit. Among these men there is none that in his life and art shows greater sincerity, vitality and intelligence than John Sloan.

John Sloan is distinctively an American painter. Born at Lockhaven, a lumbering community in the heart of the Keystone state in 1871, he evinced a strong bent for drawing and painting as a boy, a bent which not even a too-early acquaintance with economic necessity could destroy. The fact that he was forced to earn his own living and contribute to the support of his family at the age of fourteen, he found time to study art at night. At the left is Mr. Sloan's "Dust Storm on Fifth Avenue," now hanging in the Metropolitan



(Cont'd on p. 71)



Hubert Stowitts

Special Camera Studies
for SHADOWLAND
by Nickolas Muray

Hubert Stowitts is the first American male dancer to achieve success within the sacred portals of the Russian ballet. For some time Mr. Stowitts has divided honors with Volinine in the Pavlova Ballet. He is a Californian, and Mme. Pavlova first saw him in a college show given by the University of California





Mr. Stowitts has not confined his activities wholly to dancing. He designed the costumes and settings for several ballets. Recently Mr. Stowitts has been appearing in Paris, where his dance of the Porto-Rican negroes, photographed at the top of the opposite page, caused a sensation.



ZENA KEEFE

*The Interesting and Appealing Selznick Screen Star
Photographic Study by E. O. Hoppe*



VIRGINIA BELL: *Study of the Dancer* by ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



Ain't he grand? This is a Horse Guard. He hasn't a thing to do except stand outside of Buckingham Palace all day; when royalty passes, draw his sword; and once a month, draw his pay. Oh! for the life of a Horse Guard

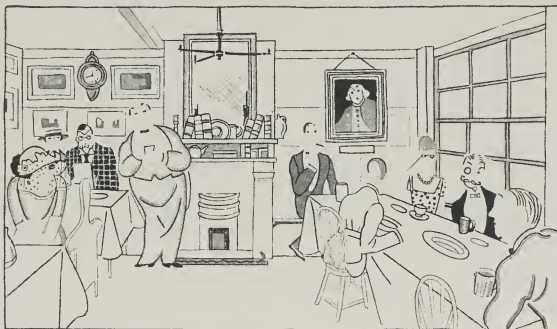
No, Mercedes, the gentleman is not on his way to a Greenwich Village costume ball. He is one of the Halberdiers at the Tower of London. Known for generations as Beef-eaters because they are fed rare roast beef three times a day. If all—it's possible where there's no prohibition. "Ere yer are, lydies and gents, hon yer left is the plyce where the two little princes wus foully done ter death. Souvenir post-cards may be 'ad at tuppence each"



Mr. Justice Puffington, K. C. B., P. D. Q., has just rendered a decision in the case of Jones, Jones, & Jones, Ltd., vs. the Hon. Jerrold T. C. Bloomington-Bonfield. "The facts are indisputable. 'Lucus a non lucendo'"



Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, once the haunt of Doctor Samuel Johnson who held forth nightly to Boswell and other convivial spirits. The Doctor's portrait hangs in what was his favorite corner. The tavern is just as it was in Samuel's day, but what a change in the clientele! Get the cutie who is giving the glad eye to the Clean Young American. The Colonel and his lady do not approve. "That sort of thing isn't done, y'know"





The Old Curiosity Shop. The setting of Dickens' immortal tale. Preserved for many years as a museum, it is now a waste-paper shop. Such is the march of progress. It must be a pleasant haunt for the ghost of Little Nell

Wynn in London



"Old yer bloomin' bus" says 'Arry the Bobby—and the bloomin' bus is 'eld up. Being a traffic cop where the bally traffic runs to the left instead of to the right is a bit thick. But 'Arry weighs sixteen stone and is as firm on his foundations as the Nelson Monument



"What's in a name?" Wynn is authority for the statement that the afore-said remark did not originate with John Murray Anderson but was penned by a fellow named Shakespeare. See portrait at left

Twenty-five generations of adenoids have produced the Dowager, Lord Freddy, the weedy Hon. Violet, the dog, and the cat. Jorrocks the butler is not visible in the picture. He is at his traditional post, listening at the keyhole



WYNN
LONDON
1921



Photograph by Nicklas Muray

THE VIVID VANDA

Vanda Hoff's dancing has been an intriguing feature of the musical comedy, "Two Little Girls in Blue"



ROSE ROLANDA

Another Study of the Vivid Dancer by Ira D. Schwarz



Pretty Polly

Special Photographs
by Abbe

Polly Platt is one of the first of the beauties signed for the new Greenwich Village Follies of 1921. The accompanying pictures prove that the Follies judges have an accurate eye as to pulchritude



Solving Shakespeare

By
Jane Amoret

I HAD considerable difficulty in tracking Walter Hampden to the inquisitorial lair. Every time I made the interrogative attempt he was playing either *HAMLET* or *MACBETH*, "and," said Mrs. Hampden, "Mr. Hampden never sees anyone when he is doing either one of these rôles." Now, when he is taming the shrew, it is another matter. He was so doing on the day when I was finally successful in seeing him.

With a modicum of malice, methought, "I will refer to the article I read in last Sunday's paper to the effect that the Shakespearian actor is ruining Shakespeare and ask him to defend the attacked exponent of the immortal dramatist."

Mr. Hampden ushered me into his dressing-room at the Broadhurst theater. I had been waiting half an hour. I was ripe for the defense of a Shakespearian actor!

He smoked a cigaret and tilted back his chair and was comfortable. Spirals of smoke drifted on the air and clung, as if familiarly, about the robes of Romeo and the more somber garb of Hamlet. There were divers jeweled headpieces and swords and amulets. All the rich and brave array of the Shakespearian accoutering made proud the room.

And Mr. Hampden was fittingly a part of it all. With his hair, which he has allowed to grow slightly beyond the most conventional cut, with his extremely deep, fine voice and the play of his expressive hands he savors well of all the many men he has been: tragedian, comedian, sinner and saint, wrathful and weak, erring and strong. A gamut.

I said, sweetly: "What do you think of the article in the paper to the effect that the Shakespearian actor must go if we are to preserve Shakespeare?"

I had rather looked for an acrimonious reply. But with the goodly gamut he has run Mr. Hampden has learned the garnered grain of tolerance, and so he said, with something of regret but nothing of bitterness: "Why, I was surprised, really surprised, to see that such a paper would give space to such an article. In the first place, it was presented as something quite new and amazing. As a matter of fact, it is as old as the hills and has



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

been made the subject of controversy times without number. What did hurt me was the slur on Frank Benson's name and on his work. I come from Benson's school of Shakespeare, so to speak, and I know how much of sincere heart-work and honest love and effort he put into it, both as actor and producer. He is sixty-five years old now; his work is nearly done and he will never be forgotten where there are lovers of Shakespearian drama. The writer of the article will not fare so finely. He mentioned, too, another Shakespearian actor whose bones rest today in the shadow of Westminster—well, you see . . . ? That sort of thing is more unnecessary than unfair.

"Still Shakespearian drama is by no means solved. It is far from being perfected."

"What is especially wrong with it?"

"The *curtain*," he said, with an impatience evidently long with him.

(Continued on page 74)

Walter Hampden as Macbeth. Yet Hamlet is his favorite rôle. "Hamlet shouldn't be the favorite," he admits, "but, undoubtedly, there is more of allure in doing Hamlet than in any of the other characters. Hamlet is yourself and you, in time, Hamlet"



KATHLEEN ARDELL

*One of the Foremost Beauties of the
new Ziegfeld Follies of 1921
Study by Campbell Studios*

"SUN-KIST"

*Lucille Harmon stands out
of the California cast of
the Fanchon-Marco revue,
"Sun-Kist," thru her dis-
tinct prettiness*



Photograph by Abbe

SHADOWLAND.



"LILIOM" ARRIVES

Franz Molnar's fantastic drama of the here and the hereafter, "Liliom," has scored an unusual hit as presented by the Theatre Guild. Transferred back to English, "Liliom" means "The Roughneck"



At the upper left is Eva le Gallienne and, at the upper right, is Joseph Schildkraut in their rôles in "Liliom." At the left is a tense moment with Miss le Gallienne and Hortense Alden

All photographs by Ira D. Schwarz



Photograph by Charles Miller

LEDEU STIFFLER

Another study of one of the leading Honor Roll contestants of the current Fame and Fortune Contest. Mr. Stiffler lives at 68 East Elm Street, Chicago, Ill. A recent issue of SHADOWLAND carried an interesting dance study of Mr. Stiffler



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

ELSIE FERGUSON

A New Study of Miss Ferguson as the Heroine of the Cinema "Peter Ibbetson"



Both photographs by Francis Bruguiere

"Clair de Lune" and the Barrymores

One of the interesting things of the spring theatrical season was the appearance of Ethel and John Barrymore in Michael Strange's exotic romantic drama, "Clair de Lune." Michael Strange is, in reality, Mrs. John Barrymore, so the limited engagement of "Clair de Lune" had something of the aspect of a Barrymore reunion. At the top is Miss Barrymore as the Queen and, at the right, Mr. Barrymore as Guyplane, the mountebank of the crooked smile.





Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

BEAUTY AND THE FILM FLAPPER

*Edith Roberts, Universal Star, is one
of the Prettiest of the Younger
Cinema Luminaries*

Indefinite Conclusions

By Pearl Malvern

ALTOGETHER I had thirteen and one-half minutes in which to get from Blanche Bates her theories on life and death, her philosophies on love and hate. This meant, methought, rather tremulously, that I must go armored with a tremendous question mark, a note-book, a high-speed pencil and all the retentive faculties at my command.

Obviously, from my observation of Miss Bates in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," she would have things to say. She would have efficient theories and philosophies. She would have drawn, and abided by, lines of demarcation between right and wrong, between what is and what is not. She had an air of tempered sufficiency.



Both photographs by White Studios

"Life never gets anywhere," philosophizes Blanche Bates. "It is fundamentally indefinite. Death is the only definite thing in life." And regarding woman in the home and in business she says, "You take a home, a well-run house, a husband, children, and a career. Each one taxes the ingenuity, the vitality, the creativeness of one poor little woman at the utmost. Combine the four . . . at best and at worst, it is a compromise"

So I commenced by asking her what she thought of the thesis of "The Famous Mrs. Fair."

She said, making a lightning change of attire as she did so:

"It is like most of the plays of to-day—it gets nowhere. It is like life itself, for the matter of that. It solves a specific problem, in this case, the problem of the Fair family, but generally speaking, we are as much at sea as ever."

I lost, or disregarded, the specific allusion to the maligned "drammer" in the more sweeping allusion to life.

"Life," I repeated, "dont you think life gets anywhere? *Ever?*"

"Why, no," she said, with the tolerant smile of one who has formulated beliefs from the raw stuffs of experiences and experiments; "it never does. It is fundamentally indefinite. Death is the only definite thing in life."

"Well, suppose," I suggested, "that death proves to be indefinite, too?"

"Oh, well, now . . ." she said, waving her hand, "now you are getting into the sixth dimension"

(Continued on page 76)



Photograph by Rogers

CORINNE GRIFFITH

The Vitagraph star is one of the most beautiful actresses on the motion picture screen



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

STEPHANIE KOVAK

An Interesting New Figure of the Dance

SHADOWLAND



DANCE MOMENT

*By the Sergastchenko Ballet
Study by Albin*



ALICE BRADY

A New Study by the Royal Atelier



DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS

*An Interpretation Posed by Carol McComas
Conception by Margaret Vale*



BEACH SPRITE

Posed by Anna Ludmila

Camera Study by James Wallace Pondelicek



The Road of Yesterday

By Louis Raymond Reid

A LITTLE more than ten years ago there was produced in New York a fantasy bearing the title of "The Road to Yesterday." It was a substantial success, as successes were reckoned in those days. Today there reclines on the shelves of all the producing managers a tragic piece of symbolism called "The Road of Yesterday," which has spelled certain failure for anyone attempting to bring it to life.

Indeed, the managers agree with impressive unanimity upon the widespread disaster that attends all their efforts to resuscitate it with any degree of its ancient splendor. They have come to realize that their task is hopeless and they are nearly ready to permit the dust of forgetfulness to settle permanently upon it.

"The Road of Yesterday!" What a vista of prosperity it unfolds to that manager who looks back over his shoulder! What an area of despair it presents to him who gazes straight ahead in the direction of his bank account. For today there is no "road." It has succumbed to the movies, to the orgy of high prices, to other potent influences.

One cannot call a circuit of such cities as Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Washington, Kansas City and Indianapolis the "road." Rather the "road" is that formerly inexhaustible list of small towns and cities, the Main Streets of the nation wherein the wily managers of Broadway were wont to pile up huge profits for themselves and their attractions.

Ten years ago there were more than five hundred theatrical companies playing thruout the country. During the past season it is doubtful if there have been more than fifty plays and musical comedies appearing on tour in that vast area between the two oceans.

Only the other day David Belasco declared that he will not take his production of "Deburau" on the "road." He said that even tho he were guaranteed stand-

ing room only at every performance for a tour of the country, he would lose money, because of the "high cost of railroad fares, mounting transfer bills and scores of petty and unreasonable charges for the little niceties that go to make up a great ensemble."

Other producers with attractions that are expensive to operate voice Mr. Belasco's sentiments and it appears as if the "road" were to fare more meagerly than ever for theatrical amusement next season.

Owing to the general inhospitality of the "road," many plays with a deservedly notable record and of extraordinarily high merit left Broadway last season only to perish on tour. Among these was Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon." Such a fate as this play received would indicate that New York has advanced in theatrical

culture the while the "road" has retrograded from theatrical neglect. Perhaps, Mr. Belasco senses acutely this phase of the theater in the nation at large. One might hazard the guess that where "Beyond the Horizon" could not appeal, "Deburau" with its haunting suggestion of the tragedy of age could not appeal.

The "road" of yesterday was the gold mine of theatrical producers. Upon its lengthy surface there was the assurance of easy profits, of recoupments of losses experienced on Broadway. It represented, in the language of the Rialto, "easy money," "all velvet and a yard wide." But the recent high cost of transporting companies over the country has taken away much of this profit. And where excessive transportation rates have not figured, the movies have, with the result that "road" companies are becoming fewer and fewer.

The movies not only fill a void but they can be relied upon to present in practically all cases what they advertise. In this respect they have particularly endeared themselves to those playgoers who year after year have been misled by extravagant advertisements of (Continued on page 68)



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

DOLORES

Whose beauty is paramount in "Sally"

George Moore

By Frank Harris

[This is the third of Frank Harris' new series of contemporary portraits, now attracting so much attention in SHADOWLAND. The fourth will appear next month.]

VERY few people know anything about George Moore. He has come to be a power and a sort of legend attaches to him and yet he is little known and poorly appreciated.

To go back to his beginnings. He was born with a golden spoon in his mouth at Moore Hall in Ballyglass, County Mayo, Ireland, as the son and heir. His father was a country gentleman, a breeder of race-horses and a member of Parliament.

I remember when in Chicago once an assembly of Irishmen were cheering for De Valera as the first President of the Irish Republic, I felt compelled to inform them that the first president was elected about 130 years ago and was George Moore's grandfather. George Moore's father won the Goodwood Cup, I believe, so that the family has various claims to distinction.

George had a couple of younger brothers; one went into the army and distinguished himself and is now Colonel Moore, C. B.; the other, Augustus, became a journalist in London and edited "The Hawk."

George Moore was brought up in the ordinary happy-go-lucky Irish fashion of the good old stock. He had a pony to ride almost as soon as he could sit on its back, and was early taught field sports and how to shoot. Naturally, he gave himself up to the healthy pleasures of life. He took the usual boy's delight in games and sports and managed to free himself from school at about fourteen and devote himself entirely to outdoor amusements.

At seventeen or eighteen he was a tall, slight youth with bottle shoulders. His face was prepossessing; a long oval with large rudder of nose and very broad forehead; prominent round blue eyes and wavy auburn or reddish-gold hair. His complexion was always very clear and even now at seventy he has not a line on his face.

While still in his teens he understood that he could make of his life almost what he pleased.

He had enough money to live on and more could be got.

Even in youth his pictorial sense was vivid. He had early awakened to the beauty of the Irish landscape—and there is no country in the world with more exquisite coloring. The grass, owing to the continual rain, is a vivid green, while the shadows are deep purple; the lakes are hazel or umber-brown mirrors; a bare bog with its pits of water like deep-set eyes has a weird mystery of its own and I have seen a mere ploughed field look like a great topaz set in a sheet of emerald.

It suddenly came to Moore that he would make himself a painter and in order to be a painter he must go to Paris. In a year he was in Paris and had begun to learn French. He did not go to work at French as an educated man does, by mastering the grammar and so getting first the skeleton and then the living body. In his Irish way he began to talk little phrases and soon came to understand the people talking to him and thereby got an excellent accent, if a very imperfect knowledge of the language.

Moore's chief intellectual quality is purely Celtic. He is as receptive as a woman and, like a woman, has a sort of intuitive scent for talent, especially for personality.

He went to Jullien's school and studied painting but,

before he had learned much about the technique, he had come to know that the chief artists in Paris were Manet, Monet and Degas and, thanks to his command of money, he had found it easy to meet these gods of his idolatry in this or that café in Montmartre.

His sincerity and his receptivity made him a charming companion; he accepted the painters at their own valuation and went about with handsome, well-dressed Manet with a certain predilection. Manet did his portrait and it still wears a sort of puzzled look as if Moore had not come to a clear understanding of himself.

Strange to say, his growth in knowledge of the art of painting hindered him from becoming a painter. Intimacy with Manet, Monet and Degas, made it extremely difficult to stand the contrast between their assured mastery and his own pitiful beginnings.

It is curious and characteristic that, tho Moore knew the first painters (Continued on page 68)



Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

ELEANOR GRIFFITH
Whose fresh personality has scored in the Viennese light opera hit, "The Last Waltz"



Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

Lucifer's Gift

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

WHEN Adam and Eve, after they were driven out of Paradise, sat hopeless and despairing in the stony waste of an unfriendly world, a compassionate Angel came to them trying to console them in their sorrow. "Adam and Eve," he said, "as you were driven out of Paradise, even so was Lucifer, the proudest and most splendid Angel, once driven out of the heavens, and he is now Satan, the Prince of all dark and evil powers. Yet—dark and evil as he is—he has pity on you and more than that, I met him as I was on my way to console you, and he gave me two costly jewels which he himself has robbed from the celestial treasure-vaults, so that I may offer them as a gift to you. The one is the white and pure diamond of remembrance, and the other the glittering, many-colored opal of oblivion. Let me conceal these jewels in your hearts, and your sorrow will surely be eased. The one receiving the white diamond of remembrance will always feel anew the happiness of bygone times. The thought of the past will come to him like a refreshing cup to one parched with thirst, and the care of the day and the sorrow of the hour will seem small compared with the bliss that once was his and will be his forever. And the one who receives the glittering, shimmering opal of oblivion will also be happy indeed. Glad and carefree he will walk thru life, never burdened by grey wor-

ries, never cast down by the shadow of sorrow. His tears will be but for a while and his sighs will soon melt into a smile and the world will ever seem to him new and delightful. Surely, more precious gifts are not to be found. Will you, O Man and Woman, not accept the gifts of Lucifer, also called Satan?"

Adam looked at Eve, and Eve said thoughtfully: "It sounds good enough, and I don't see how there could be anything wrong in accepting those jewels. They really look extremely tempting. What were your words, O Angel? Each of us receives one of the jewels to console us in our sorrow?"

"Each of you one," confirmed the Angel, "and after you, in like manner, your children and your children's children. Always shall one remember and the other forget; always shall one heart possess the one gift and the other heart the other. Thus spoke the Prince of dark and unknown powers!"

The unhappy couple hesitated for a little while, but the wonderful glamour of the precious jewels was strangely tempting and alluring, and they soon declared themselves willing to receive the gift sent by Lucifer. The poor innocent Angel whom eternal malevolence had chosen for a tool, hid the jewels in their hearts and left them alone in the wilderness.

(Continued on page 75)

PANEL

Ben Ali Haggin's last tableau for the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, which recently closed permanently

Flaubert: Chemist of Illusions

By Benjamin de Casseres

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT has been called the most impersonal of all writers—one who created his characters and painted his great frescos with the serenity and mathematical precision of a Spinoza or a Euclid. But it is a common error to confound vision and style. Style may be impersonal, cold; but vision is a product of sensibility, and sensibility can not be hidden or denied. The vision of the universe peculiar to Flaubert, Hardy, Tolstoy or Turgenev is hidden in the tale they have to tell; it reveals itself in the matter, not in the manner; just as Spinoza reveals his temperament, his frenzied ecstasy in front of the ideas of God and Eternity, in his bloodless mathematical style.

Flaubert was of a profoundly religious sensibility. He was a Knight of the Absolute. In that resided the tragedy of his nature and (by the law of immanent paradox) his supremacy as seer and artist. He sought the impossible, the Chimera, the Land of Prester John, and lived to chronicle the great adventure in the overwhelming irony of "Madame Bovary," "The Temptation of St. Anthony," "Salammbô," "Bonvard et Pécuchet" and "The Sentimental Education." He became the Cervantes, the Molière of his own tragic-comedy. He satirized the absolutism and the vainglory of the Romantic movement with such terrible bitterness because he had been its chiefest victim. He stripped Hernani of his mask and put him into the lancing light of reality.

As Jules de Gautier points out in "Le Génie de Flaubert," there is complete unity of psychological vision in Flaubert. There is one single root-thought at the bottom of everything he wrote. All his characters move in this thought or vision by a law that is fatal; a law that is the very essence of life. His

creations take their life, their breath, their movements from the degree in which this law operates on their respective sensibilities. It is a law that is not only the cause of all the tragedy and comedy of existence, but is the cause of existence itself. It was sensed by Erasmus in his "In Praise of Folly"; it was grasped in its entirety, but was probably never formulated, consciously, by Cervantes when he wrote "Don Quixote"; it was caught fugitively by Molière. But it remained for Flaubert to unify and synthesize it and for Jules de Gautier to

transmute it into that superb philosophic generalization called "bovarysm."

The law of bovarysm is founded on the inconceivability of existence in any form without contrarities. We can know one thing only thru another thing. A universe without opposites is non-existent for us. But the imagination of man, forever leaving the real for the unreal, forsaking the known for the unknown, tries to create realities of things that are purely negative. He affirms an absolute, which is, unconsciously to him, his manner of affirming nothing. He conceives fantastic beyond-the-tomb countries and social conditions made up of the realities of this world and his dreamed-of realities of another and affirms them as facts. From this flows all the tragedy and comedy of the play called Life.

The mind of man thus hovers like Mahomet's coffin between the necessary and the ideal. But this is a basic law of existence. Reality is born between the upper stone of idealism—or the errors of the imagination—and the lower millstone of necessity—or the cold grey facts of existence. Life is thus an error—as the Hindus have always affirmed—because it is divided against itself. There is no truth; there is only a perpetual compromise (Continued on page 70)



Photograph by White

JOHN DREW

Who co-stars next season with Mrs. Leslie Carter



EVAN-BURROWS FONTAINE

A new Study by Arthur G. Miller

The Poetry of Modern America

By Babette Deutsch

BEN JONSON, entertaining the man from Stratford, in Robinson's famous poem, mentions his discussion of poetics with Shakespeare, and Will's indifferent answer:

*"I have your word that Aristotle knows,
And you mine that I dont know Aristotle."*

But if the poets are less concerned with theory than with practice, the last twenty-two centuries have heard more than a little stir on the subject of what is the true stuff of poetry. Wordsworth declared that it was emotion recollected in tranquillity. A contemporary critic amends the definition to read, tranquillity recollected in commotion. One might almost divide the poets into those two schools.

But it is not quite so simple to classify the poets of this troubled age. They are blown upon by all the winds of the world; the wars of business, the business of war grips them and will not let them go; the adventure of scientific discovery is the purest wine of poetry to them; and the great game of trying out their own medium was seldom more engrossing. The recent Miscellany of American Poetry (Harcourt, 1921), in which eleven men and women are represented by examples which they themselves have chosen from their work, is a fair index to the variety and richness of modern American poetry. Here one finds the succinctness of Frost beside the splendor of Fletcher, the jazz of Lindsay throbbing against the fragile colors of Miss Lowell. One leaves the book with a confused sense that contemporary American poetry has no leading tendencies—pace Mr. Untermeyer—that it is a recital of individual artists, rather than a group of common choirs. Yet it is engaging and possible to distinguish, after all, certain alliances and coincidences of taste and temper. The Miscellany, it may be said, for all its worth, is a volume not wholly to be depended on in such an inquiry. There are at least three periodicals in this country devoted solely to poetry, and there are nearly twice the number of critical works and many more anthologies.

Forgetting alike the solemn asses and the æsthetic follies of the nine-

teenth century, we remember Whitman and Poe as the chief figures in the American poetry of that period. To theirs must be added one other name, that of Emily Dickinson. The frailty, the comedy, the intensity of her work is her unique bequest to the slender tradition of our art. Of these three, it is Poe, perhaps, who is most rarely evoked by our contemporaries. Those poets who care for music, poets like Conrad Aiken and Sara Teasdale, or even, however differently, Alfred Kreyenborg and Vachel Lindsay, do not, except in the vaguest and least important sense, follow in the steps of that tragic genius. Whitman easily stands out as the leader he proclaimed himself. Reading the history of New England in the terse poetry of the commonplace which is Frost's peculiar gift, watching the suns of Arizona rise and flame and fade in Fletcher's symphonic vistas, listening to Lindsay's crashing cymbals and screaming calliope, walking with Sandburg thru the harsh, dark, evil-smelling, star-strung streets of Chicago, or even wandering with Miss Lowell thru antique gardens into countries at once simpler and more sophisticated than our own, one recalls Walt's glorious catalogs of, and tireless meanderings thru that America which was his universe. One cannot so lightly lay a finger on the influence of Emily Dickinson. A strong and delicate

personality, supple as whale-bone and as hard to break, capable of genuine passion, in joy, in anger, and in love, and with a humor as light as it was sharp, she was a creature never wholly to be possessed. It may be for that reason that there is no single poet who may be said to carry her inheritance. Yet there is a touch of her, a savor, in most of those who are more obviously poets of America. Frost, again, both in his passionate apprehension of New England—passionate for all its lucidity ("We love the things we love for what they are"), and also in his shrewd native humor, reminds us of the woman who, seeing "All of evening softly lit as an astral hall—

*"'Father,' I observed to Heaven,
'You are punctual.'"*

The terseness, the reticence, and the curiously academic speech of Edwin Arlington Robinson (Continued on page 66)



Photograph by Bachrach

HELEN LINK

To be seen next season with the Bramhall Players



Just above is Julia Bruns, one of the beauties of the London theater, and, at the right, is Peggy O'Neill, who is quite as piquant as her honest Irish name



British Stage Favorites



Matheson Lang is pictured at the left in an interesting character pose

Special
Photographs by Dorothy Wilding
of London



*The lady of the oriental grapes
and the captured butterfly is
Hilda Bayley. At the upper
right is Madge Titheridge in the
recent London revival of "The
Garden of Allah." At the right
is Georgia O'Ramey, who is as
well known to the New York as
to the London theater*





FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

A New Study of the Dancer by Maurice Goldberg

Looking Into Next Season

By Kenneth Macgowan

WATCHMAN, what of the first night?" What are the evenings of 1921-1922 going to bring us? What can they bring that is half so good as the rich store that Broadway has spread before us in the past two seasons?

In midsummer, with only managerial promises to go on, the prospects are not very bright. But that was the case in August, 1919, and in August, 1920, and yet there followed the two best seasons that the American theaters have ever known. Let us pocket our fears and prognosticate.

Until the plays are actually on the boards, guesses as to their merits are pretty futile—else all managers and all office boys of managers were millionaires. It is not so risky, however, to make a book on the managers themselves. Certain producers have proved their mettle; they have given us the worthy and interesting and exciting plays, and they will do so again. Arthur Hopkins, for instance. Two seasons ago he gave us John Barrymore in "Richard III" and "Night Lodging," following "The Jest" and "Redemption." During the past year he gave Broadway a star that will prove one of its greatest—Jacob Ben-Ami—and a delightful failure from London, "The Beggar's Opera." As yet he is reticent about the coming season; Marjorie Rambeau in a play by Zöe Akins, and two dramas for Ben-Ami, one of them probably Andreyeff's "The Knockabout," are his only outgivings. But the best of his offerings were never heralded far in advance.

Far otherwise with the other "commercial" manager from whom we are always safe to expect something arresting and worthy—William Harris, jr. He works systematically. Two years ago he gave us the great success, "Abraham Lincoln," and the great failure, "The Lost Leader." This past year we had from him that most estimable and popular satire, "The Bad Man," and that dubious but in many ways exalted play by Drinkwater, "Mary Stuart." These plays were planned and announced well in advance and went thru on schedule. His plans for next season are as concrete. He will produce "Irish Dew," a comedy by Abby Merchant, graduate of the

Baker course at Harvard, featuring Mary Shaw; "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," a translation by Charlton Andrews (also a Baker alumnus) of Alfred Savoir's French farce, and "Oliver Cromwell," the third of Drinkwater's historical dramas.

Two seasons ago John D. Williams promised greatly with his productions of Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon" and Brieux's "Letter of the Law." He permitted the past season to run into June with nothing to offer until he mounted O'Neill's dour tragedy, "Gold." But since David Belasco, after many seasons of wasting his talents on mediocrity, produced "Deburau," it is risky to believe that Williams may not turn up suddenly this season with some Continental masterpiece under his arm.

Belasco himself is readying his long-promised "Merchant of Venice" for David Warfield, but he will first bring that player into New York in his revival of "The Return of Peter Grimm." Rumor puts Belasco down for a new version of "Carmen" for Lenore Ulric and a dramatization of Catherine the Great. He is to revive "The Easiest Way," with Frances Starr and many of the original cast.

George C. Tyler, who suffered an eclipse after the bright effulgence of Tarkington's "Clarence," has unquestionably something to show New York in

"Dulcy," the comedy by George S. Kaufman and Mark Connelly; in "The Wren," a play by Booth Tarkington for Helen Hayes, and in Eugene O'Neill's newest drama, "The Straw," in which Margola Gilmore will appear.

William A. Brady, who deserted Owen Davis and Jules Eckert Goodman to import Galsworthy's "Skin Game" and "The Young Visitors," in partnership with the Shuberts, may try once more for "the Hopkins class." John Golden, after "The First Year" must be looked to for better things than "Three Wise Fools"; it may be coming in Winchell Smith's drama of the gambling husband, "The Wheel." Smith is also at work with Thomas Cushing upon a comedy called "Poor Man's Pudding." Montague Glass is writing a play for John Golden, "Easy Come, Easy Go," and Willam Gillette will (Continued on page 61)



Photograph by Nicholas Murray

ESTELLE WINWOOD

A Charming Figure of the Drama



The City of Six Million

*Special Photographs
for SHADOWLAND
by
Edward R. Dickson*

*Above, sunlit
Cherry Street,
one of New
York's most pic-
turesque ave-
nues. Right, the
quaint old fire-
house in Old
Slip, a reminder
of old Manhat-
tan, standing in
the shadows of
gaunt modern
merce*





*Mr. Dickson has admirably
caught the spirit of 1921 New
York—a metropolis of spires,
shades and steam*



MARGARET
SEVERN

*Study by
Maurice Goldberg*



Beauty and the Theater

By Walter Prichard Eaton

NO, this isn't an article about Olive Tell, or the Ziegfeld chorus (tho, incidentally, the Ziegfeld chorus does come into it). It is rather about the men who have almost revolutionized, or are revolutionizing stage production in this country, so that when the curtain rises on a new set, or the characters and their costumes fall into new groupings, the eye sees not only a representation of place but also a picture that in itself is a studied composition, has the charm of design, balance, harmony, color; in a word, is beautiful. Indeed, our stage has actually reached the point where some sets do not even attempt to represent place at all; they have quite abandoned realism for pure design, or for suggestion; they are attempting to create beauty for its own sake.

When I think back twenty or thirty years in the theater, and recall the stage sets and pictures we used to hail as beautiful, and then compare them with what we call beautiful today (at least in New York—for when our productions get out on the road, they are improperly lighted, they soon become shabby and fail of their original effect), it seems to me the advance in taste is almost as great as the advance we have made from Currier and Ives colored lithographs and "chromos," to the engravings, colored etchings and American oils of today. For instance, I vividly recall a great spectacular musical play (name quite forgotten) to which I was taken as a child, somewhere about 1888, I suppose. The crowning scene, everywhere hailed for its transcendent beauty, displayed a vast staircase at the back, painted the usual dirty greenish-grey of old-time scenery, up and down which marched countless Amazons in gold-spangled tights, bearing spears. It had glitter—oh, heaps of glitter! But it was nothing but tinsel, of course. Compare that scene with any one of a score in recent Ziegfeld Follies, or in the Greenwich Village Follies, designed by Joseph Urban and James Reynolds,

respectively, and you will realize the difference at once. It is not alone, nor even chiefly, that the girls are now chosen by a different standard of charm, that we have come to appreciate slenderness, liteness, in the human body; but their costumes are now individual, done in lovely lines and harmonious colors, and, above all, the backgrounds, the play of lights, the composition of setting and human figures, all compose into a picture that is luminous, well designed, lyric with light and rhythm. The music-box dance in "What's in a Name" (designed by James Reynolds) was a picture of pink Dresden figures seen in a yellow glow—and nothing else. The figures almost swam in luminous space.

But probably the revolution has been even more striking in the production of plays, even realistic plays, by such men as Arthur Hopkins, and such artists as the Theatre Guild. I am thinking now of the recent Guild production of the captivating play, "Lilium." Lee Simonson, the Guild's scenic artist, designed the seven sets. All but one of them are supposed to be realistic, a representation of actual place. Yet every one of them escapes the usual feeling that here is so much painted wood and canvas propped upon the stage, and is a real picture which delights the eye. Take that striking setting showing the railroad embankment, with the arched undercut in the center, thru which the bank cashier is expected to come, while Lilium and "the Sparrow" wait to murder him. This embankment is solid—old-fashioned realistic scenery painted to represent stonework. But what a difference! There is nothing else on the stage. It cuts out of one wing and vanishes into the other, suggesting infinite distance. On its top the steel rails glimmer. The undercut is a mysterious arch of blackness, the focus of attention, ominous, expectant. Above it a single green signal (Continued on page 63)



Photograph by E. O. Hoppe

MARIE DI CASTELLANI

An Unusual Photograph of the English Stage Favorite



MARIE PREVOST

*Miss Prevost has just been graduated from "de luxe"
Mack Sennett bathing girl to the drama as Universal star
Study by Edward Thayer Monroe*

Painted Prose

An Interview with Joseph Hergesheimer

By Gladys Hall

THERE are some persons whose achievements attract us, ignite us, but whose personalities leave us cold. Intellectually, they win our response; esthetically, we are indifferent. We say, "How *could* he, or she, have written this, or painted that, or sculptured the other thing? They don't *seem* as if they could."

There are persons who, upon becoming what the world and his wife have pleased to designate "celebrities," immediately become "difficult." They evolve into "lions," with more or less grotesque roarings and rearings. O. a. e., a plain everyday one, is ill at ease with them, conscious of inferiority, conscious of being in a "presence" and either resentful or embarrassingly interested, whatever the occasion, whoever the Everyday Person.

To neither of the two categories above does Joseph Hergesheimer belong.

He is gorgeously regular, unpretending and generously talkative. He doesn't pose because he hasn't any poses. He hasn't any affectations and he isn't wearily lit'ry. He'll talk about himself, too, which is the boon you are seeking, and so are grateful. He doesn't enshroud himself or his work in miasmic reticences. He talks about the things you've hoped he'd talk about, but have deemed unlikely, from prim and past experiences. He talks about his life and how he has lived it; his work and how he does it; his books, specifically, and how they have come to him. And he has a good time doing it. And you have a rare good time, listening. It is good talk. You come away, tingling. You tingle with the vicarious bliss of his achievement of living even more than with his achievement of writing, which, he will tell you, is labor, actual and devoid of popular glamour.

"Dont," he warned me, over coffee and cigars, "dont ever let people tell you they like to write. They may have to write and they may succeed in so doing, but they don't like to. Now who would? Where's the fun in it? Sitting at a desk, all cramped up, back aching, fingers numbed, brain functioning at abnormal velocity . . . why, I've written until my nose bled and I had to stop. No thrill to that."

"But the inception," I said, laymanishly, "the—ah—creative urge?"

He smiled. He has the most comprehending smile I know, or have ever seen. When you ask him a question and he smiles at you before he answers, you feel both very foolish and very wise, unexpectedly sorry and awfully glad. You feel like a sharer with him.

"Oh," he said, enjoying his cigar which he had, with some particularity, ordered from the waiter a moment before, "oh, as for that, ideas come to me from here and there. There is no blinding revelation in which, so to speak, the heavens open to you."

I asked him about "Java Head," which has always been a favorite of mine; the Manchu woman lingering in my mind, reminiscent of jade and fatalism, salt and tar and heavy cosmetics.

"Java Head" came to me,"

he said, "when I thought of trading, especially as it was in the days of Old Salem, when young lads went out on ships in search of strange cargoes, steering their courses more often than not by the color of the waters. Adventure."

"Not the Manchu woman, then? The story was not built about her?"

"No. She was incidental. Part of the strange cargoes. The amazing fact of her personality in Old Salem intrigued me."

"Have you a favorite book, of your own?"

"My last one," he said, promptly.

"What do you think is the most necessary thing, the most vital characteristic toward the making of a writer?"

"*Desire*," he said, "desire for the beauty of life; for the crimson stuff of adventuring. The actual experiences one may have are helpful, but the *essential* thing is to have the craving. Desire may encompass the world and absorb all of its griefs and all of its joys."

"You have experienced things—" I hazarded.

"Yes, I have. And I'm glad. When my family thought I was squandering my patrimony in riotous living, I was, in reality, investing. I'm still living on the investment. I was garnering life. In Paris. In Venice. All over the map of Europe."

"Tell me of Paris. What did it do to you?"

"I thought it was going to make me an artist. I painted, originally, you know. Never thought of writing. Never wrote a serious word until I was past thirty. Never did anything serious up to that time. Just played. I studied art in Paris, of course. You can imagine how sedulous is Paris—when one is twenty-one! Not much real work there. What of it? Talk and balls and riotous living. Experiences colorful and sweet as honey. Then, Venice. I have lain in bed until noon and had champagne served to me by a gondolier wearing scarlet and old gold. I have drifted whole days away on the canals and dreamed away nights. I've chummed with cabbies and I've talked with princes. I particularly liked the cabbies. And all the time I was soaking colors into my personality far more richly than ever I soaked pigments into my canvases."

The painting explains the prose. The delicate, definite, strong and subtle portraiture. The clean, firm, gracile touch. The exactitude of transmission. The inimitable etching; the exquisite of the laying-in of colors.

Of course, he had painted first. As Leonardo, as Rossetti, as Michelangelo whose sonnets stand today side by side with his drawings and his marbles; as Euripides,

who was first soldier, then painter, then tragic dramatist. As, more modernly, Thackeray and Hazlitt, Reynolds, Gauguin, Du Maurier, and Beardsley. Some have been surpassing painters, some indifferent ones; but all who have wielded the brush have come supremely into letters.

"Tell me," I said, "of your method. I think every writer, (Continued on page 77)

Joseph Hergesheimer went to Paris to study art. "I thought it was going to make me an artist. I painted. Never thought of writing. Never wrote a serious word until I was past thirty. Never did anything serious up to that time. Just played. You can imagine how sedulous is Paris . . . when one is twenty-one! Experience colorful and sweet as honey. And all the time I was soaking colors into my personality far more richly than ever I soaked pigments into my canvases."



Oscar Straus's latest operetta, "The Last Waltz," is the reigning summer musical hit in New York. In this Americanization of a very pleasant Viennese operetta appears the charming varied Eleanor Painter and an all-round attractive cast



At the left is Isabel Rodriguez, who introduces a lively Spanish number in "The Last Waltz" and, at the right, is James Barton, who has scored the comic hit of the piece with his broad humor

Three charming figures of "The Last Waltz" are Gladys Walton and Beatrice and Marcella Swanson, who play a giggling trio of sisters. The three appear at the right with Harry Fender in a dance polka. Below are Miss Painter and Walter Woolf, who portrays the usual American naval officer hero



SHADOWLAND Goes to the Theater

Drawings by Ethel Plummer

One of the unique things of the summer season was the brief engagement of "Clair de Lune," a fantastic play by Michael Strange (Mrs. John Barrymore), with Ethel and John Barrymore as the luminaries



Just above is John Barrymore as Gwynplaine of the distorted smile. Mr. Barrymore had one flashing scene in "Clair de Lune"—a passionate love interlude with Miss Cooper. At the left is Ethel Barrymore as Queen Anne. The stage has rarely witnessed a vision of greater loveliness than Miss Barrymore's Anne

The honors of this fantastic bit of decadence were actually won by Violet Kemble Cooper for her skilful and picturesque playing of the Duchess. Miss Plummer presents Miss Cooper at the right



SHADOWLAND



Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe, London

ADOLPH BOLM

A new study of the dancer who has made such a distinct contribution to the dance, both in Russia and America. Here Mr. Bolm has done remarkable terpsichorean propaganda work with his Ballet Intime

The Language of Democracy

By Herbert Howe

"THERE is a Hindu philosophy which says, 'Work for results but leave the results with God.' That is my philosophy. And so I go back to the East Side. Always I will live in a tenement there."

Anzia Yezierska spoke, Anzia Yezierska who wrote "The Fat of the Land," adjudged by Edward J. O'Brien "the finest imaginative contribution to the short story" during 1919, and "Hungry Hearts," which has been purchased by the Goldwyn Company at the price of ten thousand dollars. "A working woman," she describes herself, only twenty years removed from Russian suppression, only a few months lifted from the black hunger of the Ghetto. "Until last November I always had the worry for bread," she said. Today magazines compete for Anzia Yezierska's stories, and film companies offer fortunes for the screen rights. Yet she goes back to a tenement occupied by a Jewish tailor and his large family.

"The first thing I wanted to get when I got money was a room and a bath. I thought some way that this would make clean my mind like my body. It wasn't so. Comfort is all an illusion. It makes for efficiency in business but it isn't so with art. To be an artist you must go thru the killing things. I have been thru the killing things. I will stay with them."

Twenty years ago Anzia Yezierska, one of a large family, came from Russia to live in New York's crowded, fetid Ghetto, savored with onions and herring. Her father, a dreamer, spent much time in the synagogue. The children all worked. Anzia Yezierska would rush about peddling things among the push carts, her red hair streaming and tangling. Always within her was the hungry heart, craving that something beyond which she did not know and the quest of which forms the poignant theme of her stories. She worked in a sweat shop, even as *Yetta Solomon* and *Shenah Passah*, ten and twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, for a dollar and a half. She was a scrubwoman, a waitress, a laundress, always among "the killing things." Finally she knew and understood the urge within her being. She must write. She went to a school and told them she wished to become a teacher of literature. They said it would take years.



Photograph by Clarence Bul

ANZIA YEZIERSKA

She didn't know the first rule of grammar. Back she went to the tenement, determined. For a year she lived on Graham crackers, mush and milk. "I studied out what least I needed to eat to live." And she wrote. Sometimes she would have to quit because of hunger and go to work as waitress, until a little more could be saved for bread. Everywhere she sent her stories. Finally Sonya Levien, one of the few editors who dare to make discoveries, saw in them the terrible fire, and Anzia Yezierska was given her first aid. Success came, unbelievable wealth and fame, freedom from the killing things, all that symbolizes success to most of us. Yet she turns from them.

"I have just thrown off the worry for bread," she continued, sitting there before a mahogany desk in the office which the Goldwyn film company provided while she was supervising the continuity of her stories. Her thick shining hair was looped carelessly. She wore a severe garment of blue, resembling a cassock, buttoned tightly to her throat. "Anzia Yezierska is a plain woman," you say. Then you look into her eyes and see that grey dream of far-off reflection.

"I have just thrown off the worry for bread," she said. "That is good. Money throws off the chains of art, letting it free to express as it desires. When I came here they put me in a swell hotel. It stifled me. Seven courses for dinner! The people seemed to me like dressed up pigs at a trough, eating, eating, eating. No, it was not because I knew there were people starving on black bread. My feeling, it was not ethical. Only I knew this pigdom was not for me. I would rather the clean dirt of the East Side. That dirt at least is human."

Anzia Yezierska among the Goldwyn Eminent Authors was not happy. "I am not an eminent author. I don't want to be an eminent author. I don't want a Rolls-Royce automobile. I don't want to live in a swell hotel, and when they put me there I stifled. First, I thought, 'What will they think of me?' Then I thought, 'To hell with what they think of me.'"

"There is a Hebrew saying, 'If you want the light of

(Continued on page 65)

SHADOWLAND



Photograph © by the Hixon-Connelly Studios

PHYLLIS NIELSON TERRY

A new Portrait Study of the English Actress-Singer

Contest Nears End

desk and overflows onto chairs and floor.

Picking them out at random, one finds every sort of bundle that human ingenuity can devise. The one on top is thick, three inches thick. It must be a whole album of photographs, at least. But no. It is a picture in a standing frame. What can a poor contest manager do with it? It won't go in the files. And he sighs resignedly as he disposes of the cardboard, string, rope, excelsior, tissue paper and wrapper.

The next is a flimsy paper envelope, apparently with nothing in it at all. But no. It is a lovely blonde young head drooping among the untwining lilies of the field, an exquisite picture, but so badly creased and torn from its unprotected journey thru the mails that it is good for nothing.

The other extreme is the picture underneath it. It is a bundle 24 x 8 inches, and as heavy as 97c worth of postage. It contains, besides a small flat picture not even in a folder, an oak plank at least one-half inch thick. The contest manager chuckles a bit at this new slant on human foibles, files the

(Continued on page 62)

Photograph (left) by Hixon-Connelly Studio
Photograph (below) by Ira D. Schwarz



HUMAN nature is curiously perverse. Not a very profound observation, nor in any wise original; but it is most tiresomely true. Conducting a Fame and Fortune Contest affords one ample opportunity to observe its inherent perversity, its endless variety, its chronic distaste for rules, its extraordinary mental processes, its simplicity and trust, and its colossal vanity. An invaluable hand book for a psychologist—this Fame and Fortune Contest.

Take, for instance, the way the pictures are wrapped—the same article, sent to the same place, by the same sort of people, with the same object in view. But do they all do it the same way? Certainly not!

The average daily stack of photographs received is as high as the contest manager's

Above, Pearl M. De Laney of St. Paul, Minn. Miss De Laney has had six months' musical comedy experience. So, too, has Winifred Gibson, of New York City, shown at the right. Miss Gibson has recently been appearing in "June Love"





My Lady Fashion

comfortable ruff and cuffs. Yet we know that the modes of yester-year go not into the abode of lost things but into Dame Fashion's attic. Sooner or later she brings the most extravagant of them out again to startle a bored world which does not always realize that there is nothing new under the sun—and that the so-called new mode is only a modernized version of the fashion of long ago.

We are seeing it now in old Spanish accents—an inordinate use of fringe of every width on dresses, wraps and overblouses, high combs for the coiffure and small pointed shawls for evening. We are seeing it in the straight-line frock of classic simplicity, which is an adaptation of the Empire gown that burst upon a world utterly unaccustomed to the natural lines of the female figure; in flaring Directoire cuffs and collars; in the quaint little chemise gown with its short puff sleeve, harking back to 1830.

Photograph, left, by Ira D. Schwarz
Photograph, below, by Binger Studio



MANY pleasant-
ries are ex-
changed now-
days about the shortness
and scantiness of our
skirts and dresses, the
absurdities of our shoes
and hosiery, the frivolity
of our hats, veils and
sunshades, the simplicity
or the exaggerations of
our hair-dressing—but who would condemn us to
the clothes of yester-year?

Quaintly picturesque but generally helpless were the little Dresden shepherdess ladies with their awkward but dainty hoops and crinolines; their voluminous trains of heavy brocade and velvet; their whalebone stomachers; their clumsy and un-

Top: Bathing costume of
silk jersey in grey and
black. Posed by Alice
Calhoun. *Right:* Beach
frock of hand-batiked
shantung and wool tweed,
hand stitched in colors of
tan, brown and black.
Posed by Sadie Mullen.
From Bonwit, Teller and
Company

By The Rambler

Just now, mid-summer is with us—and the world is staged with an outdoor setting. The costume managers are putting forth their best effort that every participator shall appear in the kind and color of costume best suited to the part she is to play. But, whether her part in the season's drama is an entire season in the mountains, the country, at the seashore—or a two weeks' vacation or series of week-ends, the principle is the same. And in the bathing suit and beach frock, the sports clothes for every hour and occasion—smart, chic, modern in every detail—there is no trace of the clothes of yester-year.

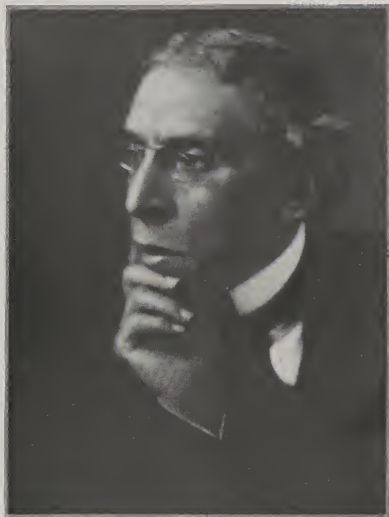
Sports clothes for general wear are becoming more and more popular; the term being applied to the less formal suits, combination costumes and dresses for practical town wear, as well as for country uses and sports themselves.

The one-piece dress has grown so popular that it has overshadowed the separate waist and fancy blouse. The outdoor season and the informal fashion of wearing sweaters has brought the separate skirt forward and there are many fabrics in use. These include white Canton, Roshanara crepe, Scotch flannels, French sponge, cotton ratine, cotton velour as well as striped serges and flannels.

Sports dresses with matching wraps are proving very popular for this
(Continued on page 62)

Bathing costume of imported Scotch gingham, hand scalloped and embroidered in wool yarn in red and white. Posed by Sadie Mullen. From Bonwit Teller and Company





Upper left, John Galsworthy, because of his distinguished position in English letters. Upper right, I. Zangwill, because he is one of the foremost in literature and thought. Right, Dr. Max Nordau, because he is president of the Zionists and because he is endeavoring to create a great empire of the Jews in Palestine



SHADOW-
LAND
Presents—

Photographs
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E. O. Hoppe

Looking into Next Season

(Continued from page 45)

return to playwrighting after a long absence with "Katy Did." The Frohman Company will star Otis Skinner in Ibañez's "Blood and Sand."

One of the safest bets is that the newer and younger managers will give us still more that is worthy of a place on the stage of the city that has now become the theatrical capital of the world. Brock Pemberton, who succeeded so signally with "Enter Madam" and who did his best to advance "Main Street," comedy with "Miss Lulu Bett," has a number of interesting plays in his drawer; a drama on Byron, for instance, and "Swords," a blank verse drama of the middle ages by Sidney Howard in which Clare Eames is to appear.

The safest bet of all, however, is the Theatre Guild. As always, this cooperative theater is chary of announcements—beyond a new play by Arthur Richman, who wrote "Not So Long Ago"—but something unusual in merit and highly entertaining is bound to come from the producers of "John Ferguson," "Jane Clegg," "The Power of Darkness," "Heartbreak House," "Mr. Pim Passes By" and "Lilium." The Guild has been the first call on the plays of St. John Ervine; his newest has for its central figure a character in the eighties. Which ought to make an appropriate companion piece to Bernard Shaw's newest and most remarkable play, "Back to Methuselah." The Guild is not yet very certain about what to do with Shaw's six-hour-long entertainment, which ranges from the Garden of Eden to 31,920 A. D. If it decides to produce "Back to Methuselah," it will have to be as a sort of "Parsifal," with half of its magnificent length spread over the afternoon and the rest sprawling into the evening.

Two managements which have never worried their heads very much over "class" have ambitious designs on the "high brow" next season. They are the Selwyns and Sam H. Harris. The Selwyns have contracted for Somerset Maugham's excellent high comedy, "The Circle," and are casting it with John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Estelle Winwood, John Halliday, A. E. Matthews and Ernest Lawford. They have also the French play, "Daniel," in which Bernhardt has just appeared; a drama on the life of Poe; two exotic plays called "The Poppy God" and "The White Peacock," and sundry other things. Among their players will be Jane Cowl, Florence Reed, Olga Petrova (for "The Poppy God"), Margaret Lawrence, Martha Hedman, Peggy Wood, Lola Fisher, Emma Dunn, Lillian Lorraine, Norman Trevor, Ernest Glendinning, Donald Brian, Leo Carrillo and Alan Dinehart, as well as those listed for "The Circle." The Selwyns are also to produce the recent success of Henri Bataille,

"L'Homme à la Rose."

The plans of Sam H. Harris are elaborate and varied. He has Emery Pottle's arresting play, "The Hero," which he tried out in the spring, as well as Pottle's dramatization of "Queed," which is designed for Grant Mitchell—if he can ever get rid of "The Champion." A. E. Thomas has written a play for Mary Ryan, "The Turn in the Road." Elsie Ferguson is to join the Harris forces in a play by Zöe Akins. Emily Stevens will appear in "Saint Ursula," the work of Miss Akins and Edward Sheldon. Mrs. Fiske will continue under Harris' management, while, with Irving Berlin, he will vary the monotony of life by opening the Music Box with a new revue. Harris has in preparation a comedy by John Peter Toohy and Le Roy Clemons called "Young Mr. Dudley."

The return to management of the player who gave us Bernard Shaw will be an event of significance. Arnold Daly plans to re-open the Greenwich Village Theater with a revival of "The Man of Destiny" combined with a remarkable drama by Karl Schoenherr (barbarously known as "Carl Schoner" on manuscripts translated by Benjamin Glaser), "The Children's Tragedy," in which three adolescents are the only characters. Later he plans to revive "The Master," by Hermann Bahr, and Shaw's "Candida."

Among miscellaneous plans, the following may be chronicled: William H. Crane will tour in "Three Wise Fools." Charles Dillingham will introduce Fokine, the dancer, to the Hippodrome; produce a musical show by Samuel Shipman and Lee David, "The Kiss Charm"; star Harland Dixon in "The Sandman," and John Charles Thomas in a musical version of "The Phantom Rival," by Molnar; and produce at least two straight plays, one by Aaron Hoffman for Barney Bernard and one by William Le Baron. Al Jolson is to appear first as an independent manager, and later in white face. Henry W. Savage will revive "The Merry Widow." That excellent director, Frederick Stanhope, is to venture into management with "The Tenth Man," by Somerset Maugham. Al Woods is to star Bert Williams in "The Pink Slip." Beginning with "The Front Row," by Rida Johnson Young, Arthur Hammerstein will desert the musical show for the "legitimate." Eddie Foy also will make the same leap, via a play by Willard Mack called "Kiddin' Day." William Faversham will present a play by Cosmo Hamilton called "The Silver Fox." John Cumberland, under the aegis of Al Woods, will figure as "The Scarlet Man" in a comedy of that name by William Le Baron. Woods will produce Fannie Hurst's "Back Pay." Much-vaunted Tahiti will at last reach the stage

in the last scene of "The Great Music," by Martin Brown, the one-time dancer. Alice Brady will have a play called "Drifting," if tryouts prove its worth. A. L. Erlanger will present Maude Adams in a new play in association with Charles Dillingham. Among the plans of the Shuberts are these: "The Fair God," by General Lew Wallace, which will be another spectacular production on the scale of "Ben-Hur"; a dramatization of the popular novel, "Main Street," and "Fools Errant," by Louis Evans Shipman.

From abroad we may expect a number of visitors. Almost certainly the plans for Max Reinhardt's invasion of New York—in which Otto Kahn is said to be the moving factor—will at last materialize, and we shall see over here some small part of the remarkable work which this director has done in Berlin.

Another interesting prospect is the Jewish actor Maurice Moscovitch, who has been appearing with great success in London, first in "The Merchant of Venice," later in "The Great Lover." Tho he has played in New York in Yiddish, this will be his first appearance here in English.

By all odds the most interesting play and production headed this way from over the ocean seems to be "The White-headed Boy," by Lennox Robinson, who wrote "The Lost Leader." It will be acted here by a fine cast of graduates from the Irish Players, who have appeared in it in London.

Shakespeare will do nicely next season, with Walter Hampden, Robert Mantell and Fritz Leiber on tour, Sothern and Marlowe returning from England for another season in the classics, and Bertha Kalich announcing that she intends to rival Bernhardt by playing Hamlet. New York, of course, will enjoy its usual eight or ten special matinee productions of that most inferior of Shakespeare's popular plays, "The Merchant of Venice."

All this, naturally, is intended primarily for Broadway. What about the "provinces"? What will Main Street see? How will little places like Detroit, with its half million people, enjoy itself? Certainly, the road need not expect to see many of the plays that made the past season notable. Except for "Clarence," "De-classée," and "Abraham Lincoln," it did not see many of the best plays of the season before. Of the new output "The Bad Man" will tour, and "The Bat," "The First Year," "Enter Madame" and "The Green Goddess. But, tho "Deburau" has played to full houses for many months, Belasco cannot risk a road company in this elaborate production; the costs of touring are too great. Again there are optimists who talk of taking the successes of the Theatre Guild on tour, "Lilium"

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My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 59)

summer, since the cape may be worn as a separate wrap with other dresses. Angora fabrics in light colors and in contrasting colors are used for smart cape wraps for sports. Motor wraps of English tweed are favored for general utility. They are variously designed with cape back or as coats with raglan shoulders and deep armholes.

Fascinating dress wraps for afternoon wear are costly accessories when made of supple crepe de Chine, richly decorated with metal embroidery or with floss and stitchery.

Every summer wardrobe should include several gingham frocks. The price of gingham is considerably lower now than it has been for two or more years and no woman has qualms about buying inexpensive clothes that are in the height of fashion—and no other cotton dress fabric is so popular this year. The beauty of these dresses lies in their simplicity, the selection of colors and perhaps a bit of unusual trimming. There's an old saying that a person's as old as she feels, and no woman can help feeling very youthful in these fresh, crisp and youthful dresses. Red and white checks predominate, but there is a goodly showing of brown and white as well as many greens.

From overseas come rumors of long skirts, but Dame Fashion, even with Paris backing her, cannot be the sole arbiter of modes for the American woman and she is not likely to add any inches to the short skirt, which appeals to the majority of even the most conservative of her sex. They have political franchise and they have also, they assert, rights in dress, and do not intend to be the facsimile of any bygone age or picturesque queen. Beautiful and becoming clothes milady will have, but she will have them suited to her type and her environment.

There is still great diversity in cuts and treatments, depending upon the use of the garments and the materials, but the straight silhouette predominates. The full skirt stalks threateningly and is now and then revealed in a new model, but it finds a logical place only in the cotton dress.

When fashion chroniclers mention the latest ideas about full skirts, they have partly in mind the circular styles which are developed in novel ways. This, at present, is not a very full skirt. It appears in a number of separate sports skirts this season, to be worn with coats of contrasting color. A few tailored suits have the slightly circular skirt by way of change from the plain and scant suit skirt. The circular idea is carried out in the jacket and separate coat

models which have been designed for fall. Short jackets ripple slightly on the bottom and longer coats have a flounce effect.

The French craze for all black attire has reached us. Dull-finish surfaces are characteristic of the satins, silks and crepes. Colored stockings and black pumps or hosiery and slippers of grey, or beige, supply the only color note in the black dress program, which is a striking one in contrast with the vivid colors of the summer day dresses of cotton.

The most variable factor of the suit or costume is the sleeve. Every kind of sleeve that has been worn down the ages since modern dress was instituted is being seen. The design of sleeves is to accord with the type of garment to which they belong. In many formal or dress costumes the sleeves are long, usually flowing or flaring at the ends. This calls for long gloves.

Morning frocks and afternoon dresses have elbow sleeves, either set in the armhole or kimono style. A sleeve that turns the elbow and flares below is liked for formal day gowns.

Evening costumes feature novel sleeves of transparent materials or lace ranging from wrist length to the floor. This is draped or hung from the shoulders, sometimes caught up with a bracelet at the wrist.

Contest Nears End

(Continued from page 57)

picture, and takes the board home to make his little niece a swing.

To be fair, as well as interesting, one must admit that the bulk of the pictures come in the sensible photograph mailers designed for that purpose.

Some of them are hastily thrust in an envelope and the entrance coupon put in loose, as an afterthought. Also every coupon has printed at the bottom of it, the warning that it *must be pasted on the back of the photograph*, at least one-third of them are pasted elsewhere, and one-third of them are not pasted on at all. Some envelopes contain nothing but a coupon. The contest manager feels sorry for the anxious contestants who send them, but into the wastebasket they go. They are no good to us without a picture.

Some of them are as carefully wrapped and tied and sealed as tho they were priceless. Ah, well, perhaps they are to someone.

Some of them are sewed up in neat

little cardboard cases, some are hermetically sealed with tire tape, some are wrapped and tied in at least five different bundles before one reaches the picture. Some are insured, and some are registered, and some come special delivery. Some have layer after layer of tissue paper between them, some have writing all across the front of them which naturally renders them unfit for publication. Some of them are wrapped in several pounds of newspaper with the address pasted on the outside. A few pictures have arrived without any wrapping of any kind—just our address written across the back, and stamped like a postcard. Hundreds of them are sealed with large blobs of sealing-wax. One was wrapped in flesh-colored satin and sewed up all around the edge. It took the poor contest manager thirty minutes to unravel that one. Everything from 150 cotton thread to clothesline is used to tie them up: thread, string, ribbon, cord, steel wire, lingerie tape, tire tape, passe-partout binding, carpet rags, rope, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

But, at least, they all get there, and out of the month's arrivals will always be a dazzling array of pretty girls which makes selecting the honor rolls at once a distress and a joy.

After considerable difficulty these two girls were selected from about twenty possible ones, who in turn were selected from some two thousand entries.

SHADOWLAND is well satisfied with its honor roll for August.

Pearl M. De Laney, 292 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota, has had six months' musical comedy experience. She has dark auburn hair and blue eyes, weighs 123 lbs., is 5 ft. 3 in. in height and is just twenty-one years of age. Pearl is witchery and grace personified, with an irresistible gleam in the corner of her eyes.

Winifred Gibson, 41 Pinchurst Ave., New York City, appeared recently in a musical comedy, "June Love." Winifred could as easily be "May Love" or "April Love," or all-the-months-in-the-year-love, so far as we are concerned. She has blue eyes and light brown hair, weighs a scant 105 pounds and is the proud possessor of seventeen years.

We will repeat the announcement of the close of the contest made last month.

It will close officially on September 1st. That is, any photograph postmarked not later than September 1st, midnight, will be accepted in the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest. Any photograph postmarked later than September 1st, midnight, will not be accepted in the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest. This must be understood.

The honor rolls will continue to be published in the three magazines up to the December issues, when the final winner will be announced.

Wrap up your picture, any way at all will do, as you have seen, and send it to us. You have only a few days left.

Beauty and the Theater

(Continued from page 49)

glows against the dark night sky. The design, actually, is one long horizontal line (always suggesting infinite distance) and one pitch black arch beneath its center. That is all. The stark simplicity of the thing is at once its power, its suggestiveness, its cold beauty.

In the same play, Mr. Simonson represents a secluded corner of a park, by moonlight. Can you recall the calcium moons of yester-year, that always turned the grease-paint on the actors' faces a horrible shiny magenta? And the stage foliage, which was cut out of cloth and sewed on tennis nets, which were then dropped down to make some sort of casual connection with pasteboard trunks, propped up from the stage below? It was seldom even suggestive, and never beautiful. It satisfied us, because we were content to accept it as a rough attempt at realism, and we knew no better. But Mr. Simonson puts a park bench in the center of the stage, flooded with a light which may pass for moonlight, or arc light, or a mixture of both—anyway, it doesn't disturb complexions, and behind it is a hedge enough in shadow to hide its artificial nature, and behind that only misty spaces that might well be tree vistas, but call no attention to their physical construction. The whole is luminous and suggestive of the real scene, instead of trying painfully to be it, and again it is simple, well composed, and beautiful to the eye.

I am not one of those who found the Arthur Hopkins-Robert Edmond Jones production of "Macbeth" absurd. Instead, I found it strangely stimulating, save for the acting. But whether or not you like Mr. Jones' scenery, which did not even attempt to depict *place* at all, trying to depict, or better to suggest, the *mood* of the scene instead, you had to admit that it was strangely, hauntingly beautiful. All thru the play nothing was visible at the back or the sides of the stage. They were blotted out with vast inky black curtains. They were simply darkness. The proscenium was raised to its full height and from somewhere up aloft shot down three overpowering searchlight pencils. You saw these three golden cones of light shooting down for thirty feet against the inky black, and in the golden pool of light they made on the stage, the figures of the actors moved, the purples and scarlets of their costumes almost lurid in the intense illumination. Intense light in front of intense darkness is one of the most nerve-stimulating things in the world.

In the banquet scene, two tables for the guests were placed on either side of the crazy throne. At each table sat the

guests, motionless, expressionless, frozen in a dream, while on the tables tall candles burned with flickerless flames, as if they too were frozen in dream. Macbeth alone, between them, enacted his terror. Some spectators complained that the guests showed "no animation"—but they were not meant to. They were, in fact, figures in a dream, or less than a dream. The banquet, in Macbeth's brain, was nothing; Banquo's ghost was all. That is what Jones was trying to depict—Macbeth's soul state. But whether or not one accepted that attempt, nobody could deny the strange, haunting loveliness of the picture—the two tables with their silent, dream guests, the tall, still candles, the tipsy throne behind, the figure of Macbeth between, under the terrible searchlight glare, alone animate, alone vocal.

If the public quarreled with Jones' futuristic "Macbeth," they did not quarrel with his "Richard III" last year. That great wall of the Tower of London that stood all thru the play, the demoniac scarlet of Barrymore's cloak as he sat his white horse and watched the little princes, swallowed by the teeth of the iron door, the scarlet of his robe again as it ran like blood down the steps of his throne, will never be forgotten by anyone who witnessed these pictures.

The use of color, indeed, boldly, symbolically, is a great achievement of the new stagecraft. As long ago as 1912, Livingston Platt, one of the pioneers in America of the new art, staged "Antony and Cleopatra" for Margaret Anglin, largely with the use of towering screens that suggested great Egyptian columns, and in the closing scene, when the queen lay dead in her tomb, he brought in the Roman envoy thru a forest of these columns at the rear, clad in a scarlet mantle, so that this smash of brilliant color at the close was like a high trumpet note, announcing the triumph of imperial Rome. Again, this year, in Miss Anglin's "Trial of Jeanne d'Arc," a flaming scarlet robe was a constant vivid symbol of the evil powers that sent the maid to the stake. Robert Jones staged "A Successful Calamity" (a bright comedy) against yellow walls, because yellow is gay and cheerful. He staged "The Devil's Garden" against dull brown, because its mood was sombre. In "The Bad Man," Mr. Platt, called on to represent quite realistically the interior of an adobe ranch house on the Mexican border, painted all his scenery in a stipple of primary colors, and thru the open door showed the desert sands and sky, also in hot colors. The primary colors in the stipple result in a pleasing effect of luminous roughness; but they also made an invariably

harmonious wall space, under any light, for no matter what the color of the illumination, or the color of the costumes, the tone of what comes against them picks out its own complement. The bright charm of the setting for "The Bad Man" is felt by everybody, but few people realize, probably, how very different in style and method this set is from the scenery of a very few years ago—or of today, for that matter, of course, in a lot of productions which have not been designed by the new artists of the theater, but turned out in the old-fashioned way by the old-fashioned "scene painters."

The success, however, in recent years of such men as Livingston Platt, Robert Edmond Jones, Lee Simonson, Rollo Peters, James Reynolds, Joseph Urban, Norman Bell-Geddes, Sam Hume, and others, including a good many architects who have assisted in the professional theater productions or staged amateur ventures, is a clear indication that a new artistic profession is opening up in America—has, indeed, already opened up. When I was in college, if a young chap of artistic talent had declared he was going to become a "scene painter," we would have thought his reason was tottering. But that is all changed now. The "scene painter" of today is in reality the artist who conceives the whole production in terms of line and light and color, and creates on the stage a real picture he has dreamed, no less than the painter creates his vision on a canvas, or the sculptor in marble. Now that the stage designer has learnt the technique and found the opportunity to create real beauty in the theater, to express his individual vision, the profession is not only remunerative, it actually calls for as high and exacting a talent as any other branch of the fine arts. Indeed, in some ways it calls for a more exacting talent, for the successful stage designer has to paint with *light*, he has to compose with living actors, he has to work in three dimensions, inside a frame forty by twenty feet, or more, and, above all, he has to understand dramatic art as well as pictorial art, and make all his effects contributory to the creation of dramatic emotion. It is a new, a very splendid profession. As yet, there is no adequate school where it may be learnt, except the costly and difficult school of experience in the actual playhouse. But our universities are beginning vaguely to realize that the new opportunity exists, and our young artists today, fired by a vision of the new beauty possible in the living theater, are turning more and more eagerly toward stage designing as a career.

Lines o' Beauty



BEAUTY is the heart and core of feminine happiness, and an attractive complexion is the chief charm of feminine beauty. It gives sparkle to a woman's eye, buoyancy to her step, grace to the wearing of her clothes. It lifts her head and her heart and gains for her courtesy and consideration. It is a valuable asset in business, at home, in society. It strikes the keynote for all questions of dress and colors. And, if Nature has not treated her fairly, has given her a muddy complexion, an oily skin, or a skin that is dry, sallow, sensitive—all she has to do is to give Nature a good fight and win out.

The foundation, of course, is good health. Don't let the intestines get clogged or the digestion out of order if you don't want a lifeless, sallow, unhealthy skin. Get enough sleep. Eat plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables. Take a cup of hot water every morning before breakfast. Remember that the pink and white skin is not the only thing to be desired nowadays. The olive skin is just as much admired and even a tanned skin is nothing to worry about. Keep your skin clear, fine and smooth and be glad of a look of rugged health. Select the clothes that go with it and play up to it. It's *live* beauty you want.

There are two classes of complexions—the greasy skin and the dry one. The greasy skin is filled with large pores which constantly send forth more oil than can be used by the tissues. Such a skin, unless given proper care, is likely to become thick and swarthy and to succumb to pimples and discolorations. If the skin is dry, thin, sensitive to every change in the weather, it needs especial care or it becomes harsh, unresponsive and lined with wrinkles.

Everybody, old or young, needs a good reputable brand of cold cream. Use it to keep the skin soft, the pores clean, to hold on the powder. In choosing this, you must use common sense. Find out what kind of skin you have and get the cream the skin needs and that agrees with its texture. For the dry skin, use a light, rich cream and a special skin-toning lotion, as too much cream is relaxing to a thin skin. For the skin with large pores, an open pore paste, perhaps

—with a skin-toning lotion. For the older woman a tissue cream, and for the woman who shows signs of age there are wonderful wrinkle creams.

The question of powder is an individual one, too, and requires intelligence seasoned with common sense. Not so long ago powders were pink, or else they were white. But powders nowadays are as individual as complexions. There are powders for tanned skins, for olive skins, for the pink or creamy skin, and for the woman of dark, exotic beauty. In buying powder be sure that it blends with the color of your skin and is of the heavy or light weight consistency that suits its texture.

And if you use rouge and lip-stick, be sure that they match! Make-up is an art—and it's an art with so many attributes, so many things to work with that there's no chance for failure. It is said that there are about thirty different shades of rouge on the market—and lip-sticks come in shades exactly matching. Cosmetics are not to make you artificial, but to make you look as beautiful as Nature would have made you had she not forgotten a few things.

Of course, we have always with us the woman whom Nature has so wonderfully endowed that she needs no make-up; the woman who makes up so badly that she is only a caricature of herself; the woman who scorns any make-up at all and looks it; and the woman who makes up so artistically mere man would not believe that most of her charm was accomplished before her mirror with the aid of the cold-cream jar, rouge and lip-stick. Women know better.

And don't forget the part daintiness plays in acquiring personal charm. The daily bath should not be omitted. The warm bath at night, the cold shower in the morning. Use a bath soap that agrees with your skin. There is a preparation called Beauty Grains that is excellent for an oily skin—and there are special complexion soaps for skins both dry and oily.

Another important addition to the note of personal daintiness is a uniformity in odor thru all the accessories of your toilet. Select the odor that appeals to you and that suits you best—and do not stray from it. In your face

and talcum powder, in your toilet water and soap, in the sachet you use with your underwear, gloves and handkerchiefs. An individual fragrance that's a part of you—subtle, indescribable—but so blended with your personality that it's a part of the unchangeable essence of yourself.

Personal attention and authentic information on matters relating to fashions and beauty are assured readers of SHADOWLAND. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Rambler, SHADOWLAND, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DOWRY

By C. Blythe Sherwood

Gowns you said you'd give me,
Jewels you'd lay before me,
Perfumes you would bathe me in,—
And you would adore me!

Why mention gowns, my dear,
Why string jewels before me?
Perfumes, slaves, and ease pass by
Since you would adore me.

GEORGE O'NEIL

By C. Blythe Sherwood

Peaceful songs that croon of shadows,
Quiet music limp with tears,
Melodies of mauve and orchid,
Whispers of Versailles years.

WIND OF THE DAMP

By Betty Earle

From the baying of moon dog by night
for his man,
From the swaying of leaves stiffened
white in their span,
From the splashing of rain, from the
ford's milky curd,
From the lashing of grain and wild
tumult of bird,
From the languish of fire by the river-
soaked camp,
From the anguish-desire of the sputtering
lamp,—

Weave me a symphony, wind of
the damp,
Wind of the voices I love.

THE HURT

By Betty Earle

Of that deep hurt not even scars could
last;
The words that wounded went some-
way, somehow.
But oh, the dear remembrance of the
past,
The bitter things that bid me love them
now!

CREATIONS

By Le Baron Cooke

I visited a place of creation
Where they were doing great things,
Poems, pictures, sculptures;
Realizing my destitution of ability
I threw my hand out in dejection.
"Artist!" cried a poet,
"You have created a perfect gesture of
despair."



The Language of Democracy

(Continued from page 55)

God to enter your soul you must not let too much food fill your body." And so I went to live in a room alone."

Anzia Yezierska was asked to write her impression of Los Angeles, the city of winter leisure, of sunshine, flowers, automobiles and motion pictures. This is what she wrote:

"Los Angeles:

"City of Golden Poppies

"Playground of the poor groping rich

"Seeking escape from the dull dragging atrophy

"In the surfeit of stomach, style and sex."

That is the way she described the sterile country on which man has spread the make-up of nature.

"I do not mean to be unkind. But truth sometimes must be unkind. People have been good to me here. I don't know what it is—this luxury yet sterility—here—my mind has been mud. I must get back."

Her "Hungry Hearts" she describes as "Don Quixote" done over.

"The immigrants are Don Quixote, coming with their so beautiful dreams of love and freedom and beauty. The immigrants—Peasant Youth coming to make alive this sterility, this traditional book learning, like used garments the ready-made thoughts.

"Educated people are those who think out their own thoughts. College people are not educated. They take ready-made garments.

"I broke all the rules of grammar and short story form. Now people ask me about the short story 'form.' Such people cannot write a story. They only think of how to make the cash. They have nothing to put in it.

"Art is a breaking away from the limitations of the medium. Artists are like ignorant people and children. They are innocent or unconscious of the thing that limits mediocre minds. Mediocre minds only know the rules of art. The artist only knows the laws of being that urge within his own heart. These are his only laws.

"They say my stories are autobiographical. Perhaps they are. Like a child learning to talk, I started to describe the things I had felt. All must do that. Later, as we grow, we have vision so we know what others feel. Real art is when you become a fluid thru which others' lives may be pictured.

"I wanted to write about the immigrants, my people, because I felt the poor had been written about by the rich only. I read those stories about us. Those pink and white stories. They are like the pretty faces on magazines, not real people. My Hungry Hearts are not caricatures, like the funny stories of Jewish immigrants. I speak their lan-

guage. I did not know a ready-made language, so I spoke in my idiom.

"A person's speech is a mirror of the texture of his soul and the quality of his mind. If he is in the process of struggle, his words will have the living surge. When he thinks himself a success he becomes a failure. There is no success for the artist. He always owes to that something beyond.

"That is why I do not want to be an 'Eminent Author.' What is this 'Eminent Author' publicity? I understand publicity is necessary for commercial things. It is a part of civilization. But it is killing to the artist. This limelight sucks the artist into it and his soul dies. I have seen it with others who came up strong and fine with their stories. A little limelight, and then where do they go? They lose the gift."

Anzia Yezierska had seen few motion pictures when she came to California to attend the filming of her "Hungry Hearts." When they attempted to explain to her the limitations of the camera, the demands of the box-office, the number of reels given to a story, she cried out, "Don't tell me the limitations. I do not want to know them."

"Motion pictures have been too long in the hands of mediocre people afraid to break away from the things that have been done. Mr. Goldwyn is trying to break away. He is giving the artist greater freedom and greater facility. But so many, they are only for the money. And when you are thinking about money you cannot create. Business and art must be separate.

"A Jewish friend, when he heard the money I made, said to me, 'I guess I will quit the cloak and suit business and go into the fillums.' I said to him, 'There are so many cloak and suit men already in the fillums.' He wanted to quit the cloaks and suits because it was easier to make money in the fillums, he thought.

"I think the motion picture is in a crucible now. Those who have been making the pictures have been walking a chalk line. They had not the courage to step away. They did not work from the soul out, as an artist must do. They looked down to the dirt, instead of up to the skies.

"The motion picture is the language of Democracy. But I do not mean by Democracy a coming down to the lowest level. I mean bringing the largest number to the highest point. The Greatest Leader of Democracy went up to the mountain to talk to the people."

Anzia Yezierska does not speak with the fluency of thought which I have reproduced. Her thoughts drop in broken bits—shimmering. She gropes, her eyes gazing off to the something beyond.

"I suffer terribly when I write," she

says. "My Lost Beautifulness" I wrote over and over again so many times I nearly was dead. To write what is deep in you is so difficult that no one will suffer the agony of even trying to unless he is driven to it. One must either be despised and rejected of men to take up the bleeding cross of self-expression or else be inspired by some comradeship of another soul—sometimes it is love—whose presence gives off such a light he can see clearly within himself. What is this flash that illuminates? One gets these flashes in contacts. But these contacts, they are rare. I have this illusion—that there are certain people in whose presence you are at the highest point of creativeness. But if you do not get these contacts, or if they leave you, then you must go down again into the abyss to struggle.

"The Jews have been spiritual only when they suffered. The gifts that Jews have brought are from years of suppression. They are the fruition of thoughts from suppressed souls of many generations."

ECONOMICS

By Margie-Lee Runbeck

The day I go
You will not know,
You would not even care!
The little laughing soul of you
Has only joy to wear.

The day I leave
You would not grieve.
There's no grief-debt for you.
For in this curious scheme of things
I paid the fare for two!

SONG OF THE BEACH, VIGI;—ST. LUCIA

By John Hanlon

Will you come to the beach with me?
Your bare limbs ripple with grace,
Ungirt, flashing, and free
As the smile on your lovely face.
Your yellow locks laugh to the breeze,
Your skin is gold as the sand.
Come race thru the silver trees;
See, here is my eager hand!

Will you come to the beach with me?
The water is mild as milk,
A quivering turquoise and green,
Smoother than finest silk.
Soft is its clinging caress,
Diamonds it flings in your hair.
God made no fairer dress
For your body to wear.

Come down to the beach with me!
Lie with the shallows your shroud,
While in jewel-crowned majesty,
White-mouthed, mighty, and loud,
High combers inward ride
Making great logs their jest;
Yet, like my heart, my pride,
Break ere they touch your breast.

The Poetry of Modern America

(Continued from page 41)

son is distinctly reminiscent of Emily Dickinson's quiet commentary on life, for all his impregnable literary solitude. Finally, in Adelaide Crapsey's brief and lovely numbers the elder poet found her nearest kin.

It is not so much that the modern poets trace back their literary lineage directly either to Whitman or in a lesser degree to Emily Dickinson, but rather that the influences which worked on these nineteenth-century artists work too upon them. They share—the moderns—in the vast complex which is America. They sink their plummets into the casual stream of our living and measure a like depth. Theirs are the smoke and steel of Whitman's cities, and his new Adam; theirs, too, are the mountain intervals and the penetrating stillness of north of Boston.

Obviously, a country with several literary capitals should have poets to express each of them. And indeed there is a poem in praise of the golden whales of California, poems celebrating the "Hog Butcher of the World," Chicago, poems to make New York live forever, poems that show her leaving men less than their coffins. It is a matter of fatal facility to group the Americans according to their locality. Thus we have the poets of the Middle-West: Sandburg emphatically, and Masters only less so. Frost, the poet of New England, has several times been mentioned. Lindsay has long been the jazz evangelist of Springfield. John Gould Fletcher has given us unfortunately the midsummer Texan light "Amid the vermilion pavilions against the jade balustrades." What one is apt to forget in such an easy grouping is that several of our more significant poets have not lived here for years, that Lola Ridge, the famous bard of the ghetto, is really an Australian, that Edwin Arlington Robinson, who has deservedly received more honor in his own country than many another less obscure prophet, is a poet of no place save that of the man against the sky. He is unique.

Within the past seven or eight years, the poets have grouped themselves more or less definitely, it is true. But they have rightly collected not so much about a place as about an idea. Thus, on the one hand we have what might roughly be called the salt and bread school of poetry: the brutal, bitter singers who know the slums of the city as well as its stars, the hog-butchers and wheat-stackers of poetry, "building, breaking, and rebuilding" their rhythms and their dreams. Here belongs Carl Sandburg, certainly, whose first book was called "Chicago Poems" and whose most recent, "Smoke and Steel." Here is Edgar Lee Masters, also a Chicagoan, whose "Spoon

River Anthology" was for him the key to his voluminous narrative poem, "Doomsday Book," which inevitably recalls Browning's "Ring and the Book," the hundreds of years and thousands of miles lie between Pompilia and Elenor Murray. And even Vachel Lindsay may be found here, Vachel, the tramp troubadour, who sold his rhymes for bread, and who sings with equal gusto his loves and his hates: his love for the "City Beautiful," his hate, that is touched with satire, as in the famous "Factory-Wind Song":

*"Factory windows are always broken,
Somebody's always throwing bricks;
Somebody's always heaving cinders,
Playing ugly Yahoo tricks.*

*"Factory windows are always broken.
Other windows are let alone.
No one throws thru the chapel window
The ugly, snarling, derisive stone.*

*"Factory windows are always broken.
Something or other is going wrong.
Something is rotten—I think, in Denmark
(End of the factory-window song.)"*

Robert Frost, for all his preoccupation with "the slow, smokeless burning of decay," is increasingly concerned with what, in a recent poem, he calls "trouble-up-to-date." To a larger degree, Louis Untermeyer belongs here, in spite of an incorrigible romanticism. His first book of any value was called "Challenge," and before the appearance of "The New Adam" he had written "These Times," charged with social questionings. His very criticism, notably "The New Era in American Poetry," is based to a great extent upon his sociological bias. He prefers Giovannitti to T. S. Eliot for no other ostensible reason.

Edwin Arlington Robinson, who has enjoyed his individual idiom over a longer period of years than any of the other poets here mentioned, stands between this group and what one might call the psychological school. On the one hand, Robinson is deeply concerned with the social problem, as witness the ominous ending of "The Dark Hills," the briefest poem in his last collection:

*"Dark hills at evening in the West,
Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
Old bones of warriors underground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade—as if the last of days
Were fading, and all wars were done."*

On the other hand, no book of his fails

to show his keen sense of the personal drama, and the conflicts of a personal fate. But, whereas his inquiry is always tinged with an ethical interest, most of the psychological poets are as indifferent to ethics as is aesthetics itself. Conrad Aiken, playing with music and murder and mystery in his fireless search thru the subterranean corridors of the mind; T. S. Eliot, whose humor is shrewder than Kreyenborg's but also more precious; William Carlos Williams, one of the most intense and recalcitrant of our poets, are all inveigled by the subtleties of the personal equation. Except Robinson, who invariably uses conventional metres, with quiet insistence on certain conventions of his own in his rhyme-schemes, these men prefer the suppleness of *vers libre* to give their poems resilience.

Finally, there are the imagists. Amy Lowell is the self-appointed leader of this group and its famous representative. Of the others, Fletcher has achieved some splendid work; H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), who only recently returned to this country from England, is possibly truest to their standards; and Ezra Pound, the only other American in the group, tho also choosing to live abroad, is an authentic poet who seems lately to be declining into mere erudition and editorship. The imagists have a more outspoken credo than any of the other groups, and are more obviously and closely allied with one another. They take their name from the fact that they aim "to present an image." Imagery, while essential to poetry, is not its marrow, which is rather a matter of emotional intensity. It remains true that they urge that prerequisite of intensity: concentration. Yet it is worth remembering that Miss Lowell herself has presented images of no less complicated subjects than the dramas of Nelson, Napoleon, and Perry. They insist further on the use of the exact word, not the nearly exact, nor the merely decorative word, while employing the language of common speech. Their wish is to create new rhythms: "In poetry, a new cadence means a new idea," and so they rely chiefly on *vers libre*, tho they have also developed polyphonic prose. There are other principles for which they contend, but these are among the more important.

Only the outstanding figures have been named, hardly any of them has come into the foreground for a clear sight of him. Yet some of the finest and most original of our poets have not even been sketched in. It is a tribute to the substance and the spirit of American poetry that one of its most enthusiastic adherents can, in a brief article, do no more.

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listed in order of release

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"White and Unmarried"
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By John D. Swain
"Appearance," by Edward Knoblock
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Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner.
George Melford's production
"A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker.
A drama of the Northwest.
Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.
Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
A comedy novel, by Byron Morgan.
"The Mystery Road"
A British production with
David Powell, from
E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel,
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"Jeanne of the Marais."
Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
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William de Mille's
"The Lost Romance"
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William S. Hart in "The Whistle"
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"The Princess of New York"
A British production from the novel by
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Douglas MacLean in "Passing Thru"
By Agnes Christine Johnston
Thos. H. Ince production.
Thomas Meighan in
"The Conquest of Canaan"
By Booth Tarkington.
Ethel Clayton in "Wealth"
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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

George Moore

(Continued from page 37)

in Paris of his time, the chief of all was practically unknown to him. Cezanne he hardly mentions and yet it is from Cezanne that Matisse, Van Gogh, Gauguin and Picasso all descend, and Cezanne himself was picked out by Zola, Moore's master, twenty years before as the greatest of the moderns. Moore missed the very greatest and was content to assert that "painting could go no further than Manet."

It was Manet who introduced Moore to Zola and his acquaintance with the great "realist" altered his whole life.

Moore had been talking and therefore practising speech for a good many years, and it suddenly came to him that he was far nearer being a good writer than a good painter, for he had only practised painting for a year or two. So he began to write. He would be a poet, so he tried to write poetry with, I suppose, the smallest knowledge of the technique of the art that was ever possessed by any man of letters outside Kalamazoo.

In this dilettante fashion he spent some five years in Paris and, in 1877, published a little volume of poems called "The Flowers of Passion." They received only contemptuous notice in the English press but, in 1880, Moore issued a new volume, called "Pagan Poems," and came over to London to begin his literary career, having finally renounced painting.

His "Pagan Poems," which showed on every page traces of Gautier and Zola, were not better received in England than his "Flowers of Passion." He sent copies to all the papers; he put himself forward as diligently as a well-bred gentleman may, but no one took his verse seriously. He had no conception at all of the fact that English lyric poetry is a fine art and mastery in it is not to be won without much study or extraordinary endowment. He had neither, so in 1883 he broke fresh ground with a novel, "A Modern Lover," and, in 1884, really came to himself and showed high promise in "A Mummer's Wife."

From this time on he belongs to the literary life in London. "A Mummer's Wife" was an extraordinary study of an actress. By dint of practice Moore had made himself a writer. He loved beautiful phrases by nature and especially painting phrases and gave himself endless trouble to say things in the best possible way.

Here we touch the highest in him. Every novel was to him a serious creation and a work of art. He first of all makes a scenario or skeleton of the book he is going to write; he does it at great length and with the utmost care. He then writes it, chapter by chapter, according to his schedule, very rapidly, very carelessly,

but getting it all down on paper. Afterwards he takes up this first sketch and sets himself to write each chapter as perfectly as he can. All the ideas, all the phrases that come to him in the first heat of conception, he now uses and elaborates with conscious art, and the result of all this is that he has done two or three excellent books. "The Mummer's Wife," in 1884, was good, but "The Confessions of a Young Man," in 1888, was better. "Modern Painting," in 1893, was better still and, in 1894, in "Esther Waters," he reached the zenith of his achievement at forty-two years of age. He himself thinks "Evelyn Innes" is his best book, but I do not agree with him. "Esther Waters" is manifestly his masterpiece.

"Esther Waters" is, however, one of the best English novels; "The Confessions of a Young Man," one of the most interesting pieces of autobiography written in English. Moore's later works are to me negligible. But the great thing is that he has given himself for forty-odd years now to earnest work, living laborious hours. He has had no material cares and was gifted from the beginning with a peculiar moderation of nature. He lives within his income just as easily as he eats within his appetite. The consequence is that, at seventy, he is still perfectly vigorous and healthy. His reddish-gold hair has turned white, but his eyes are just as bright, his face as unlined as it was forty years ago and, when he dies, he will have a high place among the English writers of his time.

The Road of Yesterday

(Continued from page 36)

theatrical attractions which failed to live up to their pre-presentation praise. In so far as the encroachment of the films upon the theater is concerned, the managers themselves are largely to blame. They were too blatant in their representations of "original New York company." The public was tolerant of this noisy hallyhooing because it had to be. There was nothing else to do. Once the movies were developed into pretentious entertainment, the public turned its back upon the legitimate theater, preferring to spend less money for amusement that proved to be, in the majority of cases, what it was represented.

Mr. Belasco's announcement clearly indicates little encouragement for the coming season. Other managers will join with him in sending their productions to the storehouse rather than risk the uncertainties of the "road" with its exorbi-

tant railroad rates and its general indifference to the stage.

Such a condition has numberless reactions. It means overproduction in such theatrical centers as New York and Chicago. It means more theaters in these cities. It means a greater invasion of the films than ever by actors of the legitimate stage, as thousands of players will be thrown out of employment. It means a more extensive speculation in presenting plays for Broadway. And it means a widespread shift of industry on the part of thousands of theater employees throughout the country.

Such prospects are undeniably unwholesome toward the development of culture in the republic at large. New York and Chicago benefit at the expense of the nation. The people of these cities will have more plays and more theaters to attend than ever before. But what of the people in the vast hinterland? They will be denied the stage as a means of entertainment and education. They cannot see the best that Broadway might offer because Broadway will not sent it out. They must be content with the weekly change in the movie bill, waiting docilely for conditions to right themselves.

It can be taken for granted that the managers have learned their lesson of the futility in misrepresenting their attractions. They realize clearly that the public west of the Hudson River is theatrically wise. They are only too eager to appeal convincingly and straightforwardly to this public.

But when are the people of the country to learn their lesson of the futility of silent resignation to present conditions? When are they going to shake themselves free of the shackles of organized fear that have been forged by the profiteers and patrioters of the last four years? When are they going to lift their voices in protest against the burdensome and unjust prices of the day without danger of shipment to Russia or being kukluxkanned into disgrace and humiliation?

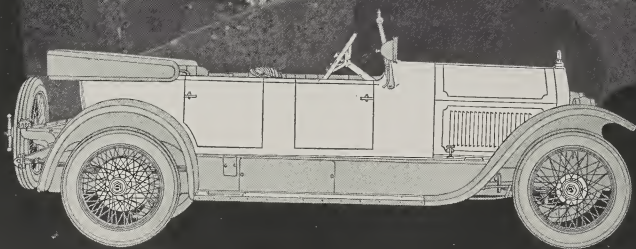
Possibly not until the sinister war-mongering game that is going on behind the scenes drives them to economic serfdom. Possibly not until they can make legislators perceive that they are unable to pay taxes on staggering militaristic programs and keep out of the poorhouse at the same time. Then and then only will prices fall and the man of Main Street, U. S., be able to enjoy his neglected right to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness.

Then and then only will The Road of Yesterday become The Road of Today.

EMPTINESS

By Helene Mullins

Life is a bubble
Colored by Love.
And Death is the pin-prick
That bursts the bubble.



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Flaubert: Chemist of Illusions

(Continued from page 39)

between the ideal and the possible, and the ideal and the possible are pure relations because the groundwork of each shifts with each individual.

Each human being born is thus compelled to conceive himself otherwise than he really is. Being an imitative animal, man seeks to model himself from his earliest years on a pattern that is sometimes the very opposite of his real nature—an idealized self, a hero in fiction or business or a supernatural being. He is an incurable romantic, but the juggernaut of Reality—daily life with its accidents, contingencies, shabby tasks and flesh needs and social needs—goes over him; and he finds himself at last where Madame Bovary and Frédéric Moreau found themselves, standing stark, dis-crowned and peeled of all illusions under the drab sky of that eternal matter-of-fact universe that lies outside of us.

But the adventure is epic, sublime, and Don Quixote, Madame Bovary, Salammbô and St. Anthony were super-best when they fell from the mocking heaven of their dear illusion; for it is better to have lived and lost than never to have lived at all.

This, then, is the groundwork, the frame, the sky and the light of the Flaubertian tragi-comedy. His books are the history of the catastrophes of the human imagination. Each one of his characters is governed by a phantom, an idealized, impossible other-self; and if we study the characters we shall behold the human race itself—especially in that tremendous and gorgeous "The Temptation of St. Anthony"—on the march from Cockaigne conveyed by an ironic Chimera.

Mankind is always knapsacked and weaponed for the massacre of Reality! It passes across the screen of Time, the great hallucinated bovaryzed army of the three-dimensional cosmos doing the work of the Species-Ghost.

The tragedy of St. Anthony is the tragedy of the ascetic, or the man who thinks he can rise above the human law and create a reality by mixing the ether of mysticism with the fiery dreams of a spurned body. St. Anthony, thru the power bestowed on him, as on every human being, of conceiving himself to be other than he is in reality, takes himself into the desert and begins the life of a mystical overman. But he must pay, and the payment begins thru his imagination. He went in search of Heaven, and he found Hell. He has two perpetual companions in his loneliness—Satan and a pig. It is the revenge of the flesh on the soul. The brain of St. Anthony becomes a gigantic brothel. When he is not dominated by Satan and shown by the latter, from the zenith of perception, the comedy

of human intelligence and beliefs, he is carried by his strangled passions into the midst of unmentionable orgies. You have denied the world and the flesh, says Satan in his ear, and you must pay. Seek salvation in the desert and I'll damn you thru your imagination. But the impresario of that supremely great work of Flaubert is not Satan, but Pride. If Flaubert had written nothing but "The Temptation" (which was a life work) it would have made him immortal. It possesses a degree of universality that no other super-drama possesses. If it outlasted the planet, it would be intelligible in Mars, which could not be said of Goethe's "Faust" or Dante's "Divine Comedy."

"The Temptation of St. Anthony" is the tragedy of the Fall of Man thru saintliness.

"Madame Bovary" is an epic of the war against reality—and its tragedy is the tragedy of the romantic instinct, especially the romantic instinct embodied in the soul of woman. The Chimera that led St. Anthony into the bosom of Satan leads Emma Bovary to arsenic. Reared in a convent, she carried the incense with her into life, and it finally poisoned her. Walter Scott, Eugene Sue, Balzac and George Sand fed her with a false notion of life. Her mental world had no resemblance to that world in which she was going to live. She had no notion of reality. The fabric began to crumble after her marriage with Charles Bovary. Her Lohengrin turned out to be a humdrum person. Then she tried to remake the shattered dream with the honeyed words of her lovers. She invented a thousand ruses to drive away the spectre of Ennui. St. Anthony was carried beyond the zodiac on the horns of Satan and shown the nothingness of life; Emma Bovary rode on the edge of the fire-laden cloud of her Dream and saw the horrors of Reality waiting for her below in the persons of her husband and stupid provincials that surrounded her.

Emma Bovary, like Don Quixote, Don Juan and Master Solness, tried a feat that is utterly beyond any one to accomplish—to substitute a fictive, imaginative world for the real world. There is no sword that will go thru granite. The human race is both glorified and damned thru its idealism. The phantasms of life that are the invention of the apocalyptic intelligence of genius and that are the colored mirages that burn and beckon on the firmament of the brains of men and women—mirages that solicit above the Saharas of reality—are, nevertheless, of the very essence of life; without illusion life would cease. All motion is conditioned on a phantasmal ideal. Madame Bovary is Gustave Flaubert's great

tribute to the power of the Impossible. What Cleopatra failed to do, can the Emma Bovarys, provincial brained and provincial hearted, hope to do?

"Madame Bovary" is the tragedy of the fall of woman thru love.

In "Salammbô," "Bonvard et Pécuchet" and "The Sentimental Education" self-deception is the *leit-motif* of the tragedy or comedy. As in "The Temptation of St. Anthony" and "Madame Bovary" the characters are hallucinated by an auto-dramatic representation of themselves or a falsification of themselves, fabricated sometimes by environment and early education or sometimes deliberately willed by the universal instinct to "make-believe." Salammbô lived in the domain of the miraculous and occult. Her girl life had become a myth. She was surrounded by priests and soothsayers who taught her the unreality of the real. But Mathos came in all his masculine, barbaric splendor. He was the vision of the Real, the epiphany of matter and passion. She gave herself up to him, still deluded that what she did was of mystical origin. And in the last chapter, when Mathos comes toward her hacked to shreds and streaming with blood, Salammbô falls dead. The veil is rent. She had loved Mathos and desired Mathos beyond all mortal and immortal things, but her education had compelled her to call that love-desire something else. She has conceived love as love is not, believing the most beautiful and cleanest of human relations to be a thing vile and soul-destroying. But nature, reality, was greater than all the magical lies built on the vibrations of that exquisite sensibility; and the realization of love as an inexorable necessity of the flesh exploded in her heart like a bomb, shattering in one blow all the insanities of mysticism injected there by education.

In "Bonvard et Pécuchet" Flaubert satirized science, intelligence. Flor inscription he might have put at the head of the volume: "Vanitas Vanitatum." Bonvard and Pécuchet are two copyists who, having come into a small inheritance, resign their positions and set out to consume the wisdom of all the world. They find nothing but endless contradictions, a Tower of Babel and a confusion of tongues. As St. Anthony in his cataleptic trances saw swim before his eye the wrangling hordes and the fanatical devotees of a thousand contradictory religious beliefs, so Bonvard and Pécuchet find that the human race was less certain of its knowledge in the nineteenth century than the cave-man. The history of human knowledge is a comedy, a game of blind-man's-buff. The more knowledge there is, the less wisdom there is.

(Continued on page 76)

John Sloan: Man and Artist

(Continued from page 11)

port of his family at the age of fourteen did not prevent him from pursuing art studies at night. Later he entered the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, where he studied for two years in the night classes. Followed a period of years on the art staff of *The Philadelphia Press*. Those were the happy days of American newspaper art, before the appearance of half-tones. Then the illustrated newspaper was a training school for artists, a function which it has utterly lost thru the perfection of modern photo-engraving methods. Newspaper work naturally brought Sloan into contact with all sorts and conditions of people, and developed in him his love for the human vortex and his keen observation of contemporary life.

In Philadelphia, Sloan met Robert Henri, with whom he was closely associated for many years. There is no similarity in the work of the two men, yet Henri exerted a strong influence upon his younger associate. It was in Philadelphia, too, that Sloan met George Luks, Everett Shinn, William J. Glackens, and other original and important men. The three just named were his associates on the staff of *The Philadelphia Press*. It is interesting to note, in passing, that the Metropolitan Museum in New York has acquired pictures by Henri, Sloan, Luks, and Shinn. But in those early Philadelphia days, Sloan and his confrères were a far cry from the sacred precincts of the average American art museum. They stand against the tameness and sentimentality which were then being worshipped under the name of "beauty" earned them the sobriquet of "apostles of the ugly." Today that nickname serves but one purpose: it points the emptiness and folly of the critics and painters who applied it. The musty attics of their tradition contained no standards with which to measure this work, therefore: "away with it!" It is probable that not even these young painters themselves realized what qualities of strength and modernity their work possessed. It took the sharp impact of the ultra-modernisms of the past few years to show us what strong, sincere painting it was and is.

In 1904 Sloan gave up newspaper work for magazine and book illustration as a means of livelihood, and came to New York to live. His work as illustrator covers a period of seventeen years, ranging from the etchings in the St. Gervaise edition of Paul de Kock to the illustrations in Edgar Lee Masters' novel, "Mitch Miller." As a painter, Sloan now began to attract attention. The Carnegie Institute in 1905 gave honorable mention to his powerful "Coffee Line." In 1906 his "Dust Storm" was shown for the first time at the exhibition of the National Academy. The Academy did not deem it worthy of any special notice, but there were not lacking knowing ones who hailed it as a very strong



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piece of work. One of these was James Gibbons Huneker, who, in his review of the Academy show, said:

"Ah! there's a picture for you, which the jury wisely hung beside the celebrities. It is called, 'Dust Storm on Fifth Avenue,' No. 291, and is the most original picture on view, both in idea and execution. The Flatiron Building, its prow cleaving the dust that eddies about its top and side, comes swimming toward you, its head is threatened by a stormy blackness: sharply outlined white clouds are driven eastward by the gale. All living and inanimate things are bending or running. Children from Madison Square charge wildly across the Avenue for shelter. You hear them buzzing, giggling, bustling in the hallways of Martin's or overflowing into the drug store at Twenty-sixth street. Here is your much talked-about 'human document' in the mass, with the physiology of the mob expressed in a summary yet conclusive fashion. To describe verbally the picture is to labor with a medium foreign to color and gesture. Mr. Sloan has accomplished, in an impressionistic tho none the less carefully painted work, the transcription of a summer afternoon's episode, and has interested us amazingly. To suggest art that whiplashes the tree tops and sends the blinding dust whistling thru the panicky streets is of itself a pictorial feat. Mr. Sloan has done this. The tiny notes of white, the garb of the flying youngsters, are a bright relief in the somber hurly-burly. A very strong and very modern picture this."

Since then the picture has triumphantly weathered the shows and criticisms of fifteen years. Last winter it was bought by the Metropolitan Museum.

In 1908 the so-called "Eight Show" was hung in the Macbeth Galleries. The "Eight" were Maurice Prendergast, Robert Henri, John Sloan, Arthur B. Davies, Ernest Lawson, George B. Luks, William J. Glackens, and Everett Shinn, and, looking back at the storm of criticism that broke about their heads, it seems surprising that they were not hung also. Here was rebel art for you! Here was a flouting of all traditions and standards, of all that an elderly and anxious civilization held dear. Here was the "revolutionary gang," the "black school," here were the "apostles of the ugly" in their true and hideous colors. Critical tempests of the past! How quaintly mild they seem in retrospect. Today, with the clamors of ultra-modernism around us, the claims of the revolutionists of 1908 seem very moderate.

The "apostles of the ugly" were not hung, after all, and John Sloan was spared to do some more effective fighting for a virile American art. And he has done it, as artist, as teacher, as supporter of movements for freedom everywhere, and as president of the Society of Independent Artists. He was one of the most active supporters of the Independent idea from the start. After the Grand Central Palace show, in 1917, when they faced a deficit of ten thousand dollars, he was made president of the society, and he has

just been re-elected to his fifth term. During his presidency, the Independents have grown steadily in strength and popularity. Today their shows have the largest sustained attendance of any regular art exhibitions in New York City, and for two years past their financial reports have not contained that dread word, "deficit." The Independent Society is a youngster to be reckoned with in American art.

For the past five years Sloan has taught large classes at the Art Students' League in New York. As a teacher he has exerted an important influence in the development of intelligence, sound taste, and strong individual work among the younger generation of American painters. William James once said that philosophy was man thinking. John Sloan says that "painting is man thinking in terms of line and color." It is not enough that the painter have an eye to see and a hand to execute. He must have an intelligence to guide hand and eye. Painting is not a reflection, a giving back of surface impressions, but a statement of things as the artist sees them, and thinks of them, and understands them."

Sloan's painting, from his early Philadelphia period to his latest New Mexico period, shows a constant development in the mastery of his medium, particularly in the handling of significant color. In his earlier pictures the poet predominates. Little by little the colorist begins to dominate the poet, and in the later pictures, poet and colorist have achieved a fusion. His Philadelphia pictures, "The Rathskeller," "Dock Street Market," "Wayside Station," painted in low, somber tones and greys have bigness and poetic strength. An art collector, recently, in speaking of those early pictures of Sloan's, said: "No painter in America can touch Sloan in his 'grey things.'" The "Dust Storm" belongs to the latter part of this period and exhibits the artist's increasing tendency to use brighter color. In "Sunday, South Beach," and "Gloucester Trolley," reproduced in color on page eleven, the colorist has come into his own. Both these pictures get their emotional suggestiveness from the masterly handling of significant color. In the first picture we have a group of cooped-up city dwellers relaxing in pure animal enjoyment on the yellow sands, and over against them the grey immensity of sea and sky. It is a little human vaudeville poised between two eternities. "Gloucester Trolley" is full of life and friendly assurance. Here again it is the color. The deep smiling blue of the sky over Cape Ann, the warm reds of the street car and the walls, the homely greens not too cool, the gaily colored costumes of the summer visitors. In the foreground is the artist's wife beckoning him to hurry to the trolley, and the youthful model, "Reddy," who posed in so many of Sloan's Gloucester pictures, dashing bareheaded across the tracks. The human scene in both pictures is much alike, but their emotional appeal is vastly different, due to their difference in color-scheme.

Motion Picture Magazine

September

Screenland's popular hero, **Wallace Reid**, came to New York long enough to bring Peter Ibbetson to the shadows. **Gladys Hall** and **Adele Whitley Fletcher** talked with him and the result is an entertaining article with a human interest viewpoint on Wally.

There is a strange censorship in the Land of the Cherry-blossoms — **Adachi Kinnosuke** tells about it in a profusely illustrated article which is most interesting at a time when censorship has come to us. Dont miss hearing what he has to say about it.

Penrhyn Stanlaws has brought his gift to the shadow screen. At present he is directing in the Famous-Players studio. And his editorial in the **September Motion Picture Magazine** would indicate that he might earn his living with the pen as well as the brush or directorial megaphone.

There are other interesting features—**Frederick James Smith** has interviewed **The Kid**, alias Jackie Coogan and **Herb Howe** tells of the new deluxe two-reelers which are being made. There are attractive short stories, artistic camera studies of the popular players and other treats too numerous to mention.

No review of Sloan's work, however summary, would be complete without mention of his etchings. John Sloan is *facile princeps* among American etchers. This branch of his work is in most of the leading print collections and museums of the world. Sloan is the first man who in etching, as well as in figure work, has done, and is doing for America, what has been done for England and France in the work of such men as Hogarth, Rowlandson, and Honoré Daumier. His etchings and paintings of the passing show of city streets make an enduring record of the life of his time.

Sloan has seen and felt the life about him, its human tragedy and comedy. But tho he has felt it keenly he has maintained his artistic integrity. There is an artistic hardness in the man which has kept him from being consumed in the furnaces of sentimentalism always so well stoked in our America. There is no shallow optimism in his humor and his acceptance of life, and his satire is no shallow rejection. There is a bigness in Sloan's comment on contemporary life which places it above the work of the men of the past with whom he has been compared—Hogarth, Rowlandson, and even Honoré Daumier. This is not to disparage these men. It simply means that with Sloan we are in the presence of larger conceptions of life. Hogarth and Daumier have been compared to Dickens and Balzac. It is hard to find a literary analog to Sloan. He has been compared to Whitman, but he is more like the novelist Knut Hamsun, whose work is full of the large spaces of the earth—the American plains, the sea, the Norwegian mountains. Hamsun and Sloan have very much in common. They have no need for idealization or caricature. They do not have to show us men and women as demi-gods in calico and denim. They do not have to lift us out of humanity to make us feel the dignity of human life. And they do not have to tickle our sense of superiority by giving us caricatures of curious, jolly, distorted people. In "Growth of the Soil" Hamsun takes a "big brown-eyed girl, full-built and coarse, with good, heavy hands, and rough hide brogues on her feet," and "a stump of a man, a barge of a man to look at . . . a grim, surly figure of a man; ay, as a man seen thru a flaw in the window pane," and with them he constructs an epic of the soil, Homeric in proportion. There is the same feeling in the art of John Sloan. It is an art that has plumbed life deeply, its crudeness and its vitality, its commonplace satisfactions and its vague exalted aspirations, its pettiness and its nobility. It is an art that realizes fundamental values *within* experience, and has no need for the pretty side-steps of idealization or caricature. It is a great art, a sincere art, the very greatest art of its kind.

NIGHT-CRY

By Betty Earle

O Wanderer
Of the wounded night
My pain lies under
Your light!

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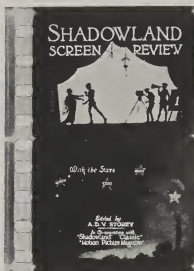
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Solving Shakespeare

(Continued from page 21)

"The curtain...?" I had thought the curtain is a substantial necessity as well as a foregone conclusion with the theater.

"Yes," he said, "it is curtain... curtain... curtain. If you have seen Shakespearean drama, you must know that there is a curtain from fifteen to twenty times during a performance. It is ruinous. Shakespeare never intended his plays to be produced as they are."

I thought of the Arthur Hopkins production of "Macbeth." There was revision. I asked Mr. Hampden what he thought of that.

"Shakespeare is essentially old," said Mr. Hampden, "and I do not believe in grafting modernity on to tradition. It doesn't adjust."

"I wonder," I said, "just how Shakespeare did mean his plays to be produced? How he himself produced them?"

"There is considerable research going on all the time on that very subject," Mr. Hampden said, "and we are learning more and more all the time. One thing we may be sure of, however, and that is that he did not use a curtain.—Not as we know it. He didn't have to."

"I don't see how he avoided it," I said, "he must have used the changes of scene and locale and all that."

"Yes, but..." Mr. Hampden produced a stub of a pencil and the back of an envelope and proceeded to draw thereon a model of a theater; such a theater as, in the main, Shakespeare might have used. "It was called," he told me, "a Folk theater and was circular in construction and shiftable as to scene. That is to say, the scenes or sets were shiftable. The audience didn't look straight ahead of them; they could look around. As a matter of fact, all of the very best theaters have been of circular construction."

"Well," I said, "if Shakespeare cannot properly be done without that sort of theater, why don't we have that sort here?"

"People do not want Shakespeare," he said, adding, with a smile, "not that much, that is."

I asked him if he had any methods to apply. He said that every play called for a method all its own, and that one method could never apply to Shakespearean production as a whole.

I asked him what he thought of Shakespeare for the screen.

"Ah, then," he said, "Shakespeare would cease to be Shakespeare. All that has made him immortal would be gone. The bare outline, or story, would remain. And granted that his stories were awfully good stories even stripped of all else, still, it would not be Shakespeare as we know him, and love him, and revere him. It would be a sort of sacrilege to take Shakespeare in *captions*."

I asked him his favorite Shakespearean rôle.

"Hamlet," he said, "of course..."

"That," I said, "is relatively the same as asking a screen fan who her favorite screen actress is. The answer is almost always and invariably the same."

"Hamlet shouldn't be the favorite," he admitted, "but, undoubtedly, there is more of allure in doing Hamlet than in any of the other characters. You become Hamlet more absolutely than, well, Petruchio, let us say. Hamlet is yourself and you, in time, are Hamlet."

"What of the other dramatists?" I said. "What of Ibsen? When you played Dr. Rank with Madame Nazimova in 'A Doll's House,' didn't you like doing that?"

"I would like doing the great Ibsen," he said. "I feel that I never have. Ibsen was most truly great in his early work. 'Peer Gynt,' 'Brand' and the others. Shaw would interest me. And then, too, I am always looking for something new. To tell you the honest truth..." and of a sudden his smile was boyish and mischievous and sweet. Some of the tired lines left his face and his eyes lighted with the vivid imagination and the eternal love of make-believe which is the Kingdom of the Young... "to tell you the honest truth," he said, "I just love acting, whatever it may be. I'm an old-fashioned actor and I love to do even melodrama. So long as I'm on the stage... all's well..."

And his comprehensive gesture included equally the famous personages of Shakespeare, "The Servant in the House," the sepulchral John the Baptist in Oscar Wilde's version of "Salome," the Ibsen characterizations and all the many, all the notable persons who have lived and had their being because of his love of the gift that is his.

THESE THREE

By Betty Earle

One strong oak yields its strength to me,
And one white star its faith;
And these low hills that patiently,
Slow weave their holy wraith,
Weave also patience in my soul,
Making for me a perfect whole
Out of the broken arcs of life.

And tho I find love like a knife,
And hope a hollow, time-pricked shell
Where only tones of sorrow dwell—
Deep I know that life is well;
For there lives for me these three:
Hills of patience, Star, and Tree.

QUATRAIN

By Beryl V. Thompson

She who lost him held him shrined
In her heart for aye—
She who won him lived to find him
Ordinary clay.

**Motion Picture
CLASSIC
for September**

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Sessue Hayakawa, King Baggot and Wallace MacDonald are among the men interviewed.

There is a man who gets little appreciation or understanding from the fans, yet he is of vast importance in the making of pictures. It is the location man. You will know him better when you have read "The Trials of a Location Man" written by one who knows.

A rollicking comedy is written round the Realtor production of "Her Sturdy Oak" soon to be released. Wanda Hawley and Walter Hiers are turned into inimitable characters of fiction in this story.

Unusual photographs, informal pictures and scenes of the big moments of stage and screen make this issue a veritable fairyland.

**The September Number of
Motion Picture
CLASSIC**

**Reflections of a Gentle
Cynic**

(Continued from page 38)

Since that time all the sons of Adam and all the daughters of Eve possess either the one or the other of the gifts, and are thus strangers forever. Never can they really comprehend each other; never do their hearts beat to the same measure; never do they remember together, never can they forget at the same time. All the tragic misunderstandings of love, all the errors of helpless hearts, all estrangements, all partings, all bitter words and all useless tears have their ultimate source in the fact that the one cannot remember and the other not forget. All disillusionment, all disenchantment, all bitterness and all despair hark back to the one moment when the communion of feeling which alone insures happiness was taken from the first pair. The most tender lovers are under this ancient curse, and in the end even they would look at each other with sad, surprised, uncomprehending eyes; one heart knowing nothing of the other heart and each one understanding only its own loneliness and its own grief. But Lucifer, also called Satan, who is the Prince of all dark and sinister powers, gazes at mankind with a deep, strange, mocking eye; and he seems to think the gift of his precious jewels a master-stroke of evil genius. The comedy of life has certainly gained in diversity and piquancy thru this marvelous present.

But the Angel who unwillingly was made the tool of Supreme Malevolence tries every night to atone for his fault. He became the Angel of Sleep, and in meaningful dreams he restores memory to the hearts that forget; while upon the other, more sorely wounded hearts who always remember, he bestows the deep and dreamless slumber of utter oblivion.

**Looking into Next
Season**

(Continued from page 61)

and "Mr. Pim"; but this will be a very doubtful business, I feel, unless they are combined with "John Ferguson," and "Jane Clegg" in what would be virtually a repertory theater on tour. Nobody talks of exporting "Heartbreak House" to Kansas City, or "The Emperor Jones," "The Tyranny of Love," "The Mob" or "The Great Adventure." Ben-Ami will not tour to any extent. I doubt if "The Skin Game" goes far. Margaret Anglin will stick to the shallow "Woman of Bronze"; she cannot safely transport "The Trial of Joan of Arc" or "Iphigenia."

Outside New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, the American playgoer must look out for himself. And if reports of the growing ambitions and successes of the little theaters, community playhouses and local repertory companies mean anything, Main Street is learning to make its own dramatic art. Which is as it should be.

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Indefinite Conclusions

(Continued from page 29)

sion and beyond me. What do you expect of thirteen and one-half minutes?"

"Well," I said, "with this theory, what do you make of it all, anyway? What is it all about? Do you believe in the Dreiserian theory (as I understand it) that we are all higher animals, more or less, fighting our blind way thru?"

"I do," she said, "and that is the true optimism. Death will be the solvent. It isn't here."

The framed photographs of a small girl and boy, with serious, dark faces, something like their mother's, who is Mrs. George Creel in her personal life, suggested grounds for query.

I attacked Miss Bates upon her return on the time-worn topic of Woman in the Home vs. Woman with a Career and the problem of whether the two may be successfully combined.

Said Miss Bates: "I always say for publication that it is possible for a woman to have a home, which means children, too, of course, and a career. It saves argumentation and pleases the Feminist . . ."

"Are you a Feminist?" I interpolated, eagerly.

"I think every economically independent woman *has* to be, don't you?" she parried. She continued, "but in my heart I know it to be actually impossible in terms of success. You take a home, a well-run home, a husband, children, a career. Each one of the four taxes the ingenuity, the vitality, the creativeness of one poor little woman to the utmost. Combine the four . . . and there you are! Of course, we must go on the theory, which is not the theory but fact, that life is unfair to women at the outset and all the way thru. At best and at worst, it is a compromise. And so I say that if a woman has creative ability, if she cannot be happy in the home, if she feels that urge, she should go ahead and gratify it and pay the inevitable price. The other way about she, being she, would pay a steeper one."

"Which do you think is the truly happy woman, if any?" I asked.

"I believe," she said, "that the *really* happiest woman is the woman who does not realize her own power, or, realizing it, is able to subordinate it."

"What of love?" I asked, "do you suppose that if the thrill of love lasted, in marriage, the creative urge might then be satisfied?"

"But what is love?" said Miss Bates, "fleshly desire, that is all. In its place, if one is very fortunate, comes loyalty and a belief in a man. Those are the best substitutes that may come to one when the glamour, or whatever you may call it, is gone."

"You have had both," I said, "a career, success, kiddies. Out of the fabric of the whole, which has been the most worth while to you?"

She said, unhesitatingly, "the kiddies." Then she added, with a sort of reconsidering fairness; "of course, when the chil-

dren came, my career, my success, if you call it such, was already built. I can't honestly say what I would have done, how I would have felt, if they had come at the time when I would have walked over a dead body to achieve the thing I wanted. . . . I often wonder. . . ."

She added, with the speculative light in her wise eyes giving way to a comprehensive, indulgent, maternal tenderness: "Have you ever known anything to equal this present Younger Generation? Really, there is absolutely no use in wasting our time speculating, theorizing, asking ourselves and each other questions . . . they will settle everything for us in a few years' time. It is perfectly marvelous, the minds and the sophistication and the attitudes of them."

The thirteen and one-half minutes drew to a crowded close. I rose to go. "I don't know what you are going to get out of all this talk . . ."

"Oh, well," I said, hopefully, not to say gratefully, "things . . . words . . . evolve . . ."

"Indefinitely," she smiled . . . "indefinitely . . ."

Flaubert: Chemist of Illusions

(Continued from page 70)

is. Each brain is a premise, so all syllogisms are valid. But we have found out that if the earth goes around the sun instead of vice versa, or that it is round instead of flat, is of no importance. Why does the earth exist at all?—that's the great question. Unless we know the absolute, all intelligence, all science, is laughable; we are playing with shadows and building with snowflakes.

The genius of Gustave Flaubert is all in five great works, a volume of three short stories, and in his correspondence. From the standpoint of pure artistry, he is the greatest literary artist of all time. He found the absolute in style. Matter and manner are one. Like Théophile Gautier, like Stéphane Mallarmé, he worked over his prose like a lapidary. His pages are made for the eye, the ear and the voice, as Wagner created his Ring for the fusion of three principles. His life was a long agony, but what he gave to us came from the Golgotha of perception.

There is no answer to the irony of the gods, so there can never be any controversy over Flaubert; there can be no fourth dimension to what is unchangeably perfect, so there will never be a literary artist who will excel him. Human destiny will never be seen from a higher point on the Earth than it was by the author of Ecclesiastes, so there never will be profounder vision uttered than one finds in Flaubert, a wisdom enunciated by all the geniuses of time, from Sophocles to Thomas Hardy.

Painted Prose

(Continued from page 51)

especially in the aspirant stage, is curious to know how another writer 'goes about it.'"

He told me that he writes first in long hand; which draft he hands to his secretary to copy on the typewriter. "If," he said, "I have repeated myself, such as using an odd word two or three times, or a curious bit of phraseology, she annotates them in the margin. 'Pale blue gaze,' for instance, is a favorite of mine in my last book. I found myself repeating it three or four times. I amend the second draft, and that is about all the revising I do."

"I especially like your women," I said to him, "they seem to me to be more the type of woman a Frenchman might write of, or an Italian, or any Latin writer."

"The Anglo-Saxon," Mr. Hergesheimer said, "does his women very badly, as a rule, and his men very well. The foreigner is just the opposite. This is because the Anglo-Saxon, and particularly the American man, is afraid of the charm of woman, afraid to recognize it, to admit it, as a staple force. That is why we are unskilled lovers. Not so the foreigner, into whose life charm interpenetrates hourly and daily, as an accepted part of the whole."

"I believe that I recognize the charm of woman," he said, smiling, "I not only recognize it, I expect it, I love it. There is nothing so gracious and lovely. I abhor ugly women and stupid men. I had far rather talk to one woman than to four or five men than with one."

Mr. Hergesheimer's life, at present, is lived some distance outside of Philadelphia with something to it of the rural England flavor; hunting; social activities; seclusion. And always, as he says, he has his work, as a cloister, as a retreat whether or no the walls of ardor press to upon him his momentary discomfort or no. Out of travail—

It is all there; all of the human element; all of the flavorful atmosphere, the vivid texture from which, frequently, but never too frequently, he draws a handful of blended strands and creates a book.

AN OLD TRYSTING PLACE

By John Hanton

In green and shady alleys
Ferns and shy trillium grow
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There the last violet lingers,
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Within the leafy close;

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And evening skies are blue,
I seek among the shadows
The dream that once I knew.

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Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell *how*, but I can tell *why*. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not irritate the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of a powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Peach Bloom Powder." I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or \$1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market as a business, for that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.



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